

BUSINESS DIRECTORY.

Pianos and Organs

Tuned and Repaired.

Have your Piano or Organ tuned and repaired by an experienced and reliable tuner. Tuning \$2.00; repairs extra.

Oscar W. Bammett

Piano Tuner.

Bell Telephone 256 67 East Main St.

ATTORNEYS.

ROBERT H. FOLGER, Attorney at Law, B. S. Commissioner, Commissioner of Deeds for New York and Pennsylvania, and Public Office, second floor over Burlington Jewelry Co., South Erie street, Massillon. Will give his entire attention to all business entrusted to his care in Stark and the adjoining counties.

BANKS.

UNION NATIONAL BANK, Massillon Ohio. Joe Colemax, President, J. H. Hunt, cashier.

PHYSICIANS:

D. W. H. KIKLAND, Homeopathic Practice, Office No. 55 East Main street, Massillon, Ohio. Office open day and night.

HARDWARE.

S. CONRAD & CO., Dealer in Foreign and Domestic Hardware, etc., Main street.

MANUFACTORIES.

RUSSELL & CO., manufacturers of Threshing Machines, Portable, Semi-Portable, and Traction Engines, Horse powers, Saw Mills, &c.**MASSILLON ROLLING MILL**, Jos. Corn & Son, Proprietors, manufacturers of superior quality of Merchant Bar and Blacksmith Iron.**MASSILLON GLASS FACTORY**, manufacturers of Green Glass Hollow Ware, Bottles, Flasks, &c.**MASSILLON IRON BRIDGE CO.**, Manufacturers of Bridges, Roofs and General Structures.

CROSERIES.

D. ATWATER & SON, Established in 1882. Forwarding and Commission Merchant and dealer in all kinds of Country Produce ware house in Atwater's Block, Exchange street.

JEWELERS.

F. VON KANEL, East Side Jewelry Store, East Main street.**JOSEPH COLEMAN**, dealer in Watches, Clocks Jewelry, Silverware, Musical Instruments, etc. No. 5 South Erie street.**B G B**The Spring --
Buying Time

New things to wear--may we help you to plan for them--we think we can to your advantage in goods; to your pocket-book's in prices. We've more and choicer goods than in any former season--they're being sold in such a way as is making this a remarkable valuing and value-getting epoch in the history of the store and of the thousands who buy here.

Let us know what Dry Goods wants, no matter what they be. If any piece goods are wanted, silks, suitings, wash goods, we'll send samples. If any other goods, Suits, Skirts, Children's Garments, Boys' Clothing, Lace Curtains, we'll write you about them understandingly. If you haven't yet received the catalogue, we'll send you a copy. Makes no difference where you live, we'll put you in such complete communication with this store as will enable you to select easily and well, and then buy in a way that will pay you.

20c Zephyr Ginghams

12 1-2 cents.

—all neat colorings—Stripes, Checks, Plaids—one of the most important offerings of the year—splendid styles for shirt waists and Children's Dresses.

Large Lot New Wash Goods.

8, 10, 12½, 15c pretty effects.

32 inch irregular check mixtures—20c—all wool—tans, browns, greys—nice for bicycile suits or general wear.

Great offerings in new Dress Goods at 25c, 35c, 50c to \$3 50

WRITE FOR SAMPLES NOW.

BOGGS & BUHL,
ALLEGHENY, PA.

Piles! Piles! Piles!

Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment will cure blind bleeding ulcerated and itching piles. It absorbs the tumors, allays the itching at once, acts as a poultice, gives instant relief. Dr. Williams' Indian Pile Ointment is prepared only for piles and itching of the private parts, and nothing else. Every box is guaranteed. Sold by druggists sent by mail, for 50c and \$1 per box. **Williams Mfg Co., prop's, Cleveland, O.**

For sale by Z. T. Baltzly, Massillon, O.

Very Low Rates to the West and Northwest

On May 4 and 18, 1897, the Northwestern Line (Chicago & North-Western Ry) will sell home seekers' excursion tickets at exceptionally low rates to a large number of points in Northern Wisconsin, Michigan, Northwestern Iowa, Western Minnesota, Nebraska, North Dakota and South Dakota, including the famous Black Hills district. For full information apply to ticket agents of connecting lines, or address, C. Traver, T. P. A., Marine National Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

For Over Fifty Years

Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup has been used for children's teething. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhoea. 25c a bottle.

A BAZAAR ABLAZE.

Shocking Catastrophe In the Heart of Paris.

THE ELITE PERISH IN FLAMES.

added the following: Comtesse Humolstein, the Marquise Des Maisan, Mme. Ventimesnil, Mme. Hosquier, wife of the well known Russian banker, Mme. Poltevin, Mme. Jacques Hausmann, and the daughter of M. Shevilly and Mme. Mandat-Grancey.

DECLARED OFF.

Bellefontaine Seniors Will Not Display Their Learning on Commencement.

Bellefontaine, O., May 6.—The school board decided that owing to the large class of '97 they would depart from the usual order and instead of having the entire class of 23 take part in the commencement exercises only a partial representation would be made on the program.

Paris, May 5.—Fire broke out in a crowded charitable bazaar in the Rue Jean-Goujon, at which the Duchess d'Uzes and other well known patronesses were present. Many people were burned to death and there was a terrible panic, during which a number of persons were injured.

The police officials say they believe it to be certain that the number of deaths would exceed 100, recalling the terrible fire at the Opera Comique.

In spite of the efforts of the firemen some time elapsed before the charred bodies could be pulled from the smoking and burning mass of debris covering the spot, which but a short time before had been the scene of so much gaiety.

The missing who are supposed to be dead include General Meunier, the Marchioness de Galifet, the Duchess d'Alencon, the Countesses De Mun and St. Perier, the Marchioness De Flore, the Viscountess Hunol Holstein, Baroness Mackan, wife of the leader of the Pro-Railists in the chamber of deputies, and Madame Morlaunelamont, her son and four daughters.

One hundred corpses have been laid out in the Palais d'Industrie.

It is believed that another 100 are beneath the ruins.

The building was erected in the flimsiest manner, the nudity of the scaffolding inside being concealed by tapestry hangings of the most inflammable material. Moreover, there was only one exit.

The bazaar was in full swing when suddenly about 4 o'clock the cry of fire rose in the quarter where the kinematograph was being exhibited.

One survivor said: "I can not describe the struggle for life which ensued. No words can depict the horror of the scene. It seems as I look back upon it like a hideous nightmare. The whole thing was over in 12 minutes, and nothing remained but the charred and blackened ruins of the bazaar."

The dead were piled in heaps, and especially near the exit, where the charred remains were five feet deep. In some cases only the trunks remained, with no vestige of clothing.

The firemen arrived at 6, and a company of infantry followed to clear the ruins and search for corpses. The news spread like wildfire.

All the cabinet ministers now in Paris went immediately to the scene. Hundreds of equipages streamed along the Champs Elysees, their occupants with anxious and tear-stained faces inquiring for their relatives. There were many heartrending scenes of grief.

The building was constructed about six months ago. At the time it was remarked that it would burn like matchwood. The interior was divided into shops a la old Paris, constructed of prettily painted canvas.

The correspondent has had an interview with Miss Elsie Bushnell of Philadelphia, who, with the Misses Hawthorn and Dreher, was one of the few who escaped, although not unscratched.

"I was a saleswoman at booth No. 15, close to the place where the fire originated. I arrived at 4:10 with my friends. We went to my booth, where four nuns presided. In the booth were three blind girls working, one reading the blind alphabet, the other writing and the third making brushes. The lady presiding over that section of the bazaar told me I need not hurry, but that it would be all right if I came a little later. I started to look around the bazaar and stopped at a lottery wheel, where I won a bunch of asparagus. Just then, happening to turn round, I saw and called my friend's attention to a flicker in the corner of the wall about 15 yards away. Hardly had I done so when a gentleman behind me cried: 'Fire, Mesdames, soritez' (Fire, ladies, baste out), and pushed me toward the door rather roughly, but fortunately for me.

"As this was my second experience under such circumstances, I advised my two friends to raise their skirts in the front so they would not stumble over them.

"We were just then stepping on the first of the three steps leading out of the building. Turning my head to look back, I saw the whole place in flames. At my left I caught a glimpse of an old lady emerging from an adjacent door and saw her stumble on her skirts. The next instant quite 20 persons piled on top of her. I crossed the street and turned round to face the fire, but already the heat was so intense that it scorched me. Out of the pile of persons who fell near the door none were saved. All were burned in a moment. Of the nuns at my booth two were saved, and one blind girl."

The managers of the Bazaar had arranged the stall so as to represent a street of old Paris.

The Dowager Duchesse d'Uzes is one of the most prominent women in France and is said to have provided 3,000,000 francs for the propaganda of General Boulanger.

To the list of those dead must be

CREATED A STIR.

Did the Verbal Bout Between Foraker and Gorman.

OHIO SENATOR'S MAIDEN EFFORT.

During the Consideration of the Sundry Civil Appropriation Bill Mr. Foraker offered an Amendment Appropriating \$400,000 for Tennessee River, thereby furnishing a Text For Criticism.

Washington, May 5.—Senators Gorman of Maryland and Foraker of Ohio had a lively tilt in the senate during the consideration of the sundry civil appropriation bill.

There was added interest in the controversy from the fact that Mr. Foraker is a newcomer and this was his maiden effort, while Mr. Gorman is one of the veterans of the senate.

It occurred when Mr. Foraker offered an amendment appropriating \$400,000 for the Tennessee river. This gave Mr. Gorman a text for a severe criticism of reckless extravagance in appropriations.

There was something of a stir when Mr. Foraker rose to reply to Mr. Gorman. It was the maiden speech of the Ohio senator. He said the senator's (Gorman's) speech made him think of that governor who refused to grant pardon because he had already granted two pardons to parties from the same county. This speech, he said, was a repetition of one the senator had made recently on the Indian appropriation bill when he had undertaken to tell senators as to their duty to the country.

At that time he (Gorman) had declared that the appropriations were recklessly extravagant. And having thus delivered himself the senator entered the cloak room, put on his hat and went home. He (Foraker) had expected some particulars of this extravagance, but they were not offered.

"So far as the tariff policy and the tariff bill that have been referred to by the senator are concerned, let me say that they need no defense from me or any other senator on this side of the chamber at this time. In view of the experience this country has had during the last four years, the tariff policy of the Republican party is speaking for itself more eloquently than any human tongue can speak.

"So far, Mr. President, as the pensioners of this government are concerned, the senator need not have the solicitude he manifests. They will be taken care of. They have never failed to be taken care of under Republican administrations.

"For the next four years it is the purpose of the legislation we propose that the government of the United States shall have a sufficient revenue to meet its ordinary expenditures; that it shall have a sufficient revenue to make it unnecessary to issue bonds to meet the current obligations of the government; that it shall have a sufficient revenue to pay pensions to the men who are entitled to them; and it will have that revenue and those obligations will all be discharged. The senator need not have any apprehension on that point."

Mr. Gorman replied in a jocular style. He said the senator (Foraker) was a new arrival, and came as one of the great host from Ohio. He had not been in the senate long. He would learn in time the methods of the cloak room, and that senators were measured by their associates and their services. The senator (Foraker) was the senior senator from Ohio, the state sending us a president, and yet he was among the first to urge an increase of \$400,000 in the appropriations.

• Mr. Foraker had a parting word. He said he had spoken only because the Maryland senator had undertaken to lecture the Republican side. The senator should not feel alarmed. There would be an economical administration and senators on the Republican side would join hands with him in reducing expenditures. But the new men would at least expect him to draw on his great stores of experience and information. The Maryland senator had professed to have so much knowledge that the newcomers would look to him as a guide in taking the burdens from the people, "whose tribune he assumed to be."

• **REVISED TARIFF BILL.** The Subcommittee Reports the Amended Measure to the Senate.

Washington, May 5.—The senate took up the Sundry civil appropriation bill. When the item appropriating \$2,333,333 for continuing the improvement of the Mississippi river from the head of the passes to the mouth of the Ohio river was reached it was amended so as to make the appropriation immediately available.

Free Homestead Bill Passed.

Washington, May 5.—The senate has passed the bill to provide free homes on the public lands for actual and bona fide settlers, known as the "Free Homestead" bill.

NEILSON'S CONFESSION.

Mystery About the Murder of Ferdinand Harris Explained.

Trenton, May 5.—Frank Neilson, alias "Lucky," a self-confessed all-around crook who began a 10 years' sentence in the state prison here made some startling statements regarding the murder of Ferdinand Harris, butcher for M. S. Borden, 250 West Eighth street, New York. Harris was shot to death in the hallway of his employer's residence at noon, May 27, 1895. The case mystified the New York police.

Neilson's statement is that he is accompanied with two other professional burglars known as "Low Dutch Henry" and "Blindfold Jim," determined to rob Mr. Borden's residence.

He declares that his pals insisted that he enter first and he left them. They finally went to the house and while he stood at the corner he heard pistol shots. Then he heard that Harris had been murdered. Neilson says that "Low Dutch Henry" murdered the butcher and that the murderer is now in Chicago.

An A. P. A. Ruction.

St. Louis, May 5.—As a result of the trouble in the state organization of the American Protective Association, two conventions of that body will be held this year. One of them has opened here with 500 delegates and will elect delegates to the supreme council which meets May 11 in Washington.

Five Anarchists Shot.

Barcelona, May 5.—Five of the anarchists convicted of participation in the bomb throwing outrage on June 7 last at the feast of Corpus Christi, were shot outside Fort Montjuich. They shouted "Long live anarchy," just before the order of fire was given.

REPORTS DIFFER.

Stories About Continuing War Do Not Agree.

THE GREEK ARMY IS BELITTLED.

One of the Numerous Pasha Family Inform the Sultan That the Hellenic Men Are Anything but Soldiers—No Officer Has Been Appointed to Succeed Colonel Vassos in Crete.

Constantinople, May 5.—Mustapha Pasha, ex-commander at Janina, has arrived here under escort, it is believed that he has been degraded and will be court-martialed.

According to Edhem Pasha's report the Greek army consists, apart from mountaineers, of a mere conglomeration of plow boys, shop boys, brigands, pickpockets and everything except soldiers.

The porte has replied to the French, Russian and British embassies giving its consent to their proposal to protect the Greeks, but only during the period allowed for their departure. The porte adds that all treaties with Greece are suspended for the time being.

Captain Scriven of the American embassy at Rome has arrived here enroute for Thessaly to conduct operations.

Conferees with the King.

Athens, May 5.—Ricotti Garibaldi has had a long conference with King George who seemed more preoccupied with his position in the eyes of the powers than with the war." M. Ralli, the Greek premier, after suggesting that Ricotta Garibaldi should enroll Greeks among the Italian volunteers, now requests him to suspend the enrollment of Italians, leading to the belief that secret negotiations to end the war are proceeding.

No Officer to Succeed Vassos.

Athens, May 5.—It is now denied that an officer has been appointed to succeed Colonel Vassos in command of the Greek forces in Crete. This is interpreted here as a prelude to the recall of the Greek troops from the island and as proof of the conciliatory intentions of the new cabinet. Colonel Vassos has been appointed to succeed Colonel Manos, who has been in command of the Greek forces operating in Epirus.

Protracted Cabinet Meeting.

Athens, May 5.—The government sat till daybreak (Tuesday) hearing the reports of the ministers from the front, and finally resolved to continue the war. General Smolenski has declined to accept the post of chief of staff of the crown prince, as he prefers to remain with his own brigade. The decision of the government is momentous, but it is difficult to say

THE AWAKENING.

A sunbeam flies from the day's bent bow
And stirs the motes in the morning air.
It sets the heel of the night's glow
And gilds the glass
Of the looks that toss
Over the pillow white and fair.

A burst of day with a touch of night,
For out of the blue of the counterpane
Her eyes, like the morning stars, burn bright;
A baby cry,
A gentle sigh—
The soul of my day is alive again.—John Albert Macy in Bookman.

HER AMBITION.

Eva Norrington inserted her latchkey into the keyhole of a Bedford square boarding house and entered. It was a dismal, windy, rainy November evening, and ever since lunch she had been paddling about London, climbing the grimy stairs of newspaper offices and talking to people who did not seem especially pleased to see her. Her skirts were wet, and a wisp of damp hair was tumbling over her eyes. On the hall table, disclosed by the flickering gas jet, were some letters.

"A year ago today," said Eva to herself as she closed the door against the wind. "Has he written or has he forgotten?"

He had not forgotten. Eva picked up the letter from at the hall-table, looked quickly at the closed hall door, and at the closed dining room door, and at the bated door that led to the kitchen stairs—and kissed it. Then she went up stairs to her bed, sitting room with the letter in her hand and a great joy in her heart.

"Unfortunate little room!" she murmured to herself as she struck a match and lit the gas. "But it's the last time, thank God!"

The room was not really bad—a bed in the corner, a washstand, a wardrobe, and there a picture on the walls, and a table by the window, rather rickety, on which lay a heap of manuscript—a half-finished story.

"I will burn that before I go to bed tonight," said Eva as she caught sight of it.

Then she took off her hat and cloak, drew the only easy chair under the gas jet, and sat down. Fingering the letter, she did not open it at once. Now that happiness stretched in front of her was pleasant to linger on the feelings of misery, to look back on the life she was to leave.

"It is not every one," said Eva reflectively, "who can make experiments in life—without expense."

Eva Norrington had been the pride of the provincial town which gave her birth. At the high school no girl could stand against her. Her former governess, who now and then asked her favorite pupils to tea, even said she might be a head mistress one day. To Eva this seemed absurd. But when, at the age of 20, she gained a guinea prize for a story in a weekly paper, she began to think that at least she might be a great novelist. At any rate she felt sure that somewhere ahead of her stretched a career, and as her twenty-first birthday approached she announced to her startled parents her intention of going to London in search of it. Thereupon ensued a series of domestic scenes, such as have been common of late in the homes of England, wherein the parents play the part of the apprehensive hen, the daughter that of the adventurous duckling. The duckling invariably gains its point, and so it was with Eva Norrington. Having refused argument and resisted persuasion for a certain number of weeks, Eva obtained a grudging consent to her departure. The townspeople knew not whether to admire or disapprove. But they had read in novels of young ladies who took their lives and their bodies into their own hands, became famous and honored respectively after all. So during the weeks of preparation for her migration Eva became something of a figure in local society, and more than one gay party was given in her honor as well as plentiful advice as to the necessary preparations against London girls and their wiles for guarding against the seductions of the boys that cross the ocean.

Eva was not sorry, for she had the hopefulness of youth and beauty and all the enthusiasm of the girl for the first time she had come into the world. She was happy, but not quite happy, but for a time. Then came the visit to the doctor, and the doctor told her that she would never marry. "Well, Allan, I wish I could tell you—or you want to hear." And the doctor told her in London, "You must be very ill if you are still writing, while we have been telling over our half-finished manuscript. You had me buried it."

Five years passed before she saw Allan Craig again, and then the meeting was unexpected at the exit of the theater where Eva had gone to see the hundredth performance of her play. Allan was obviously proud of knowing her, and introduced his wife to whom she gave graceful recognition. It was raining, and Allan offered to see Eva to a cab. They stood for a moment on the steps to the entrance.

"Yes," said Allan in answer to Eva's question, "all is going well. We have a little daughter—Evanlynne wife's name, curiously enough." He stood by the lantern as she entered, guarding her dress from the wheel. As she turned to give the answer he said:

"I ought to congratulate you on your success. It is very sweet to me. You know—your—your all to me. Are you grateful?"

"Yes, I love it to you," she said, leaning forward as the apron clung upon her, and the attendant maid grew impatient. "Come and see me—this evening."

"I can't think why I should do so silly, and then the maid as she started to leave him, took him by the hand and left it to him."

He dismissed the maid, and rose to go, but just then two more soldiers came in with fresh papers, and he seated himself again. After he had signed them all he joined the impatient company at a cold dinner.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but it made the boys happy. They will make their friends happy with all the letters they will send in those franked envelopes, and it made me happy to do it."

As she was ringing her bell in her bed, sitting room, she waited over the partition scene in farce, and decided it would only increase the comfort of the play, for Eva had been to see the last year that happiness is something it deserves to be paid on the stage and not swallowed in heat. It was a dark night in the night he took her departure—for last dinner, she thought. When she started the incantation, the door opened, and her husband, with a smile, said, "Well, Allan, I wish I could tell you—or you want to hear."

When the dinner bell rang in London, Evans, Evanlynne, Allan, and the two soldiers who were here telling over our half-finished manuscript, she had no time to eat.

Five years passed before she saw Allan Craig again, and then the meeting was unexpected at the exit of the theater where Eva had gone to see the hundredth performance of her play. Allan was obviously proud of knowing her, and introduced his wife to whom she gave graceful recognition. It was raining, and Allan offered to see Eva to a cab. They stood for a moment on the steps to the entrance.

"Yes," said Allan in answer to Eva's question, "all is going well. We have a little daughter—Evanlynne wife's name, curiously enough." He stood by the lantern as she entered, guarding her dress from the wheel. As she turned to give the answer he said:

"I ought to congratulate you on your success. It is very sweet to me. You know—your—your all to me. Are you grateful?"

"Yes, I love it to you," she said, leaning forward as the apron clung upon her, and the attendant maid grew impatient. "Come and see me—this evening."

"I can't think why I should do so silly, and then the maid as she started to leave him, took him by the hand and left it to him."

He dismissed the maid, and rose to go, but just then two more soldiers came in with fresh papers, and he seated himself again. After he had signed them all he joined the impatient company at a cold dinner.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but it made the boys happy. They will make their friends happy with all the letters they will send in those franked envelopes, and it made me happy to do it."

As she was ringing her bell in her bed, sitting room, she waited over the partition scene in farce, and decided it would only increase the comfort of the play, for Eva had been to see the last year that happiness is something it deserves to be paid on the stage and not swallowed in heat. It was a dark night in the night he took her departure—for last dinner, she thought. When she started the incantation, the door opened, and her husband, with a smile, said, "Well, Allan, I wish I could tell you—or you want to hear."

When the dinner bell rang in London, Evans, Evanlynne, Allan, and the two soldiers who were here telling over our half-finished manuscript, she had no time to eat.

Five years passed before she saw Allan Craig again, and then the meeting was unexpected at the exit of the theater where Eva had gone to see the hundredth performance of her play. Allan was obviously proud of knowing her, and introduced his wife to whom she gave graceful recognition. It was raining, and Allan offered to see Eva to a cab. They stood for a moment on the steps to the entrance.

"Yes," said Allan in answer to Eva's question, "all is going well. We have a little daughter—Evanlynne wife's name, curiously enough." He stood by the lantern as she entered, guarding her dress from the wheel. As she turned to give the answer he said:

"I ought to congratulate you on your success. It is very sweet to me. You know—your—your all to me. Are you grateful?"

"Yes, I love it to you," she said, leaning forward as the apron clung upon her, and the attendant maid grew impatient. "Come and see me—this evening."

"I can't think why I should do so silly, and then the maid as she started to leave him, took him by the hand and left it to him."

He dismissed the maid, and rose to go, but just then two more soldiers came in with fresh papers, and he seated himself again. After he had signed them all he joined the impatient company at a cold dinner.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but it made the boys happy. They will make their friends happy with all the letters they will send in those franked envelopes, and it made me happy to do it."

As she was ringing her bell in her bed, sitting room, she waited over the partition scene in farce, and decided it would only increase the comfort of the play, for Eva had been to see the last year that happiness is something it deserves to be paid on the stage and not swallowed in heat. It was a dark night in the night he took her departure—for last dinner, she thought. When she started the incantation, the door opened, and her husband, with a smile, said, "Well, Allan, I wish I could tell you—or you want to hear."

When the dinner bell rang in London, Evans, Evanlynne, Allan, and the two soldiers who were here telling over our half-finished manuscript, she had no time to eat.

Five years passed before she saw Allan Craig again, and then the meeting was unexpected at the exit of the theater where Eva had gone to see the hundredth performance of her play. Allan was obviously proud of knowing her, and introduced his wife to whom she gave graceful recognition. It was raining, and Allan offered to see Eva to a cab. They stood for a moment on the steps to the entrance.

"Yes," said Allan in answer to Eva's question, "all is going well. We have a little daughter—Evanlynne wife's name, curiously enough." He stood by the lantern as she entered, guarding her dress from the wheel. As she turned to give the answer he said:

"I ought to congratulate you on your success. It is very sweet to me. You know—your—your all to me. Are you grateful?"

"Yes, I love it to you," she said, leaning forward as the apron clung upon her, and the attendant maid grew impatient. "Come and see me—this evening."

"I can't think why I should do so silly, and then the maid as she started to leave him, took him by the hand and left it to him."

He dismissed the maid, and rose to go, but just then two more soldiers came in with fresh papers, and he seated himself again. After he had signed them all he joined the impatient company at a cold dinner.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but it made the boys happy. They will make their friends happy with all the letters they will send in those franked envelopes, and it made me happy to do it."

As she was ringing her bell in her bed, sitting room, she waited over the partition scene in farce, and decided it would only increase the comfort of the play, for Eva had been to see the last year that happiness is something it deserves to be paid on the stage and not swallowed in heat. It was a dark night in the night he took her departure—for last dinner, she thought. When she started the incantation, the door opened, and her husband, with a smile, said, "Well, Allan, I wish I could tell you—or you want to hear."

When the dinner bell rang in London, Evans, Evanlynne, Allan, and the two soldiers who were here telling over our half-finished manuscript, she had no time to eat.

Five years passed before she saw Allan Craig again, and then the meeting was unexpected at the exit of the theater where Eva had gone to see the hundredth performance of her play. Allan was obviously proud of knowing her, and introduced his wife to whom she gave graceful recognition. It was raining, and Allan offered to see Eva to a cab. They stood for a moment on the steps to the entrance.

"Yes," said Allan in answer to Eva's question, "all is going well. We have a little daughter—Evanlynne wife's name, curiously enough." He stood by the lantern as she entered, guarding her dress from the wheel. As she turned to give the answer he said:

"I ought to congratulate you on your success. It is very sweet to me. You know—your—your all to me. Are you grateful?"

"Yes, I love it to you," she said, leaning forward as the apron clung upon her, and the attendant maid grew impatient. "Come and see me—this evening."

"I can't think why I should do so silly, and then the maid as she started to leave him, took him by the hand and left it to him."

He dismissed the maid, and rose to go, but just then two more soldiers came in with fresh papers, and he seated himself again. After he had signed them all he joined the impatient company at a cold dinner.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but it made the boys happy. They will make their friends happy with all the letters they will send in those franked envelopes, and it made me happy to do it."

As she was ringing her bell in her bed, sitting room, she waited over the partition scene in farce, and decided it would only increase the comfort of the play, for Eva had been to see the last year that happiness is something it deserves to be paid on the stage and not swallowed in heat. It was a dark night in the night he took her departure—for last dinner, she thought. When she started the incantation, the door opened, and her husband, with a smile, said, "Well, Allan, I wish I could tell you—or you want to hear."

When the dinner bell rang in London, Evans, Evanlynne, Allan, and the two soldiers who were here telling over our half-finished manuscript, she had no time to eat.

Five years passed before she saw Allan Craig again, and then the meeting was unexpected at the exit of the theater where Eva had gone to see the hundredth performance of her play. Allan was obviously proud of knowing her, and introduced his wife to whom she gave graceful recognition. It was raining, and Allan offered to see Eva to a cab. They stood for a moment on the steps to the entrance.

"Yes," said Allan in answer to Eva's question, "all is going well. We have a little daughter—Evanlynne wife's name, curiously enough." He stood by the lantern as she entered, guarding her dress from the wheel. As she turned to give the answer he said:

"I ought to congratulate you on your success. It is very sweet to me. You know—your—your all to me. Are you grateful?"

"Yes, I love it to you," she said, leaning forward as the apron clung upon her, and the attendant maid grew impatient. "Come and see me—this evening."

"I can't think why I should do so silly, and then the maid as she started to leave him, took him by the hand and left it to him."

He dismissed the maid, and rose to go, but just then two more soldiers came in with fresh papers, and he seated himself again. After he had signed them all he joined the impatient company at a cold dinner.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but it made the boys happy. They will make their friends happy with all the letters they will send in those franked envelopes, and it made me happy to do it."

As she was ringing her bell in her bed, sitting room, she waited over the partition scene in farce, and decided it would only increase the comfort of the play, for Eva had been to see the last year that happiness is something it deserves to be paid on the stage and not swallowed in heat. It was a dark night in the night he took her departure—for last dinner, she thought. When she started the incantation, the door opened, and her husband, with a smile, said, "Well, Allan, I wish I could tell you—or you want to hear."

When the dinner bell rang in London, Evans, Evanlynne, Allan, and the two soldiers who were here telling over our half-finished manuscript, she had no time to eat.

Five years passed before she saw Allan Craig again, and then the meeting was unexpected at the exit of the theater where Eva had gone to see the hundredth performance of her play. Allan was obviously proud of knowing her, and introduced his wife to whom she gave graceful recognition. It was raining, and Allan offered to see Eva to a cab. They stood for a moment on the steps to the entrance.

"Yes," said Allan in answer to Eva's question, "all is going well. We have a little daughter—Evanlynne wife's name, curiously enough." He stood by the lantern as she entered, guarding her dress from the wheel. As she turned to give the answer he said:

"I ought to congratulate you on your success. It is very sweet to me. You know—your—your all to me. Are you grateful?"

"Yes, I love it to you," she said, leaning forward as the apron clung upon her, and the attendant maid grew impatient. "Come and see me—this evening."

"I can't think why I should do so silly, and then the maid as she started to leave him, took him by the hand and left it to him."

He dismissed the maid, and rose to go, but just then two more soldiers came in with fresh papers, and he seated himself again. After he had signed them all he joined the impatient company at a cold dinner.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but it made the boys happy. They will make their friends happy with all the letters they will send in those franked envelopes, and it made me happy to do it."

As she was ringing her bell in her bed, sitting room, she waited over the partition scene in farce, and decided it would only increase the comfort of the play, for Eva had been to see the last year that happiness is something it deserves to be paid on the stage and not swallowed in heat. It was a dark night in the night he took her departure—for last dinner, she thought. When she started the incantation, the door opened, and her husband, with a smile, said, "Well, Allan, I wish I could tell you—or you want to hear."

When the dinner bell rang in London, Evans, Evanlynne, Allan, and the two soldiers who were here telling over our half-finished manuscript, she had no time to eat.

Five years passed before she saw Allan Craig again, and then the meeting was unexpected at the exit of the theater where Eva had gone to see the hundredth performance of her play. Allan was obviously proud of knowing her, and introduced his wife to whom she gave graceful recognition. It was raining, and Allan offered to see Eva to a cab. They stood for a moment on the steps to the entrance.

"Yes," said Allan in answer to Eva's question, "all is going well. We have a little daughter—Evanlynne wife's name, curiously enough." He stood by the lantern as she entered, guarding her dress from the wheel. As she turned to give the answer he said:

"I ought to congratulate you on your success. It is very sweet to me. You know—your—your all to me. Are you grateful?"

"Yes, I love it to you," she said, leaning forward as the apron clung upon her, and the attendant maid grew impatient. "Come and see me—this evening."

"I can't think why I should do so silly, and then the maid as she started to leave him, took him by the hand and left it to him."

He dismissed the maid, and rose to go, but just then two more soldiers came in with fresh papers, and he seated himself again. After he had signed them all he joined the impatient company at a cold dinner.

"I'm sorry," he said, "but it made the boys happy. They will make their friends happy with all the letters they will send in those franked envelopes, and it made me happy to do it."

As she was ringing her bell in her bed, sitting room, she waited over the partition scene in farce, and decided it would only increase the comfort of the play, for Eva had been to see the last year that happiness is something it deserves to be paid on the stage and not swallowed in heat. It was a dark night in the night he took her departure—for last dinner, she thought. When she started the incantation, the door opened, and her husband, with a smile, said, "Well, Allan, I wish I could tell you—or you want to hear."

When the dinner bell rang in London, Evans, Evanlynne, Allan, and the two soldiers who were here telling over our half-finished manuscript, she had no time to eat.

Five years passed before she saw Allan Craig again, and then the meeting was unexpected at the exit of the theater where Eva had gone to see the hundredth performance of her play. Allan was obviously proud of knowing her, and introduced his wife to whom she gave graceful recognition. It was raining, and Allan offered to see Eva to a cab. They

WIND JAMMING DAYS.

AN OLD MARINER'S TALES OF BRAVERY IN WRECK.

"On My Honor as a Sailor, I Won't Leave You," Said the Captain to a Swede Sailor. Bravery and Pathos In the Sea Business of the Old Days.

"Bah!" he said. "You have a lot to learn, young man. You have as much sentiment in your construction as this stick I carry."

"The idea of a youth like you trying to tell me that there is as much bravery and pathos attached to seafaring now as there was when I was master of a wind jammer! You probably believe that you are correct in your statement; but, man alive, you are making a fool of yourself. Here in these days you have lifeboats big and stout enough to carry an army of men. You have steam to manipulate the falls, patent davits to swing clear. No lowering away by hands and no getting them back over the side with every pound of flesh a-pulling. New fangled guns for throwing a life line, rafts that won't go to pieces in the first chop of a sea, cork jackets that need no instruction cards, but which go on like a man's vest; pumps that are rusty for want of use, seamless plates and dozens of other inventions in these days. Where were they in the old times?"

"Let me tell you something. I don't say that there are many brave and gallant mariners in the business now. But the old shipwreck meant more in the matter of life taking than the shipwreck of today does. Did you ever hear tell of a sailor of the old school trying to get into a boat before the passengers were out of danger? You needn't say you have, because you have not. Why, the only ones who ever attempt anything of that kind are stokers and firemen and rowdies who have the impudence to call themselves sailors."

"I remember the case of a shore loafer named Holmes, who tried a shenanigan like that. He was afterward tried in the United States circuit court at Philadelphia and was convicted of manslaughter. He was one of 30 shipwrecked persons who took to the long boat, which was greatly overloaded and constantly in danger of sinking. Well, this beach rat Holmes and some more of Abraham's men threw overboard 16 passengers, two of whom were women to lighten the boat. The court held that a sailor is bound by law, if necessary, to sacrifice his life to save the life of passengers. Furthermore the court held that while two sailors might struggle with each other for the possession of the same plank which could save but one, if a passenger were on the plank even the law of necessity would not justify the sailors in taking it from him. You do not think much of that law? Well, it is the law of God. It is also the law of duty."

"Did you ever hear of the case of Captain Nelsom of the ship Andra? He was a good sailor and a gallant master and no better what many may think. It is needless to belabor his shipwrecked. I tell you, he is to be pitied. Do you know why he refused to let me out? There, he didn't do it on board, and while the old sailors were getting to pieces under his very feet he lied down and said to the man:

"I won't leave you, lad. On my honor as a sailor I won't."

"On his honor as a sailor he would not leave him. Have you ever heard of anything more unctuously honest? Captain Nathan went down with his ship, but managed to hold on to his man and to get to the bottom of an upturned boat, from which they were afterward rescued. It was a month or so after that when a tyro sailor asked Captain Nutzman what the name of the rescued man was.

"Why, I never inquired," he said. "He just signed articles in the regular way. I may have heard it then, but I do not know it now. He was a Swede, that's all I know of him."

"The tyro shook his head in astonishment as he inquired:

"What? A Swede? Take all that chance for a Swede?"

"Why, yes, even for a Swede. I didn't care whether he was a Swede or a Laplander. He was a good sailor and would have done the same for me had things been reversed."

"Nor is that all, young man. There was a shipwreck about 1845, but the name of the craft has escaped my memory. The crew took to one boat, which was overcrowded. A noble Newfoundlander, the last of the ship, swam alongside the boat. All the men turned their eyes sadly upon him, but they knew there was no room for him in that boat. The captain loved that dog better than he loved his life, and he stood up in the boat as he took off his coat and said:

"I cannot see him in the boat. Give him my place in the boat. I can hold on to the plank, and he cannot."

"There was a chorus of dissent, and one of the sailors struck the brine over the head with the blade of an oar, while another pulled his sheath knife.

"Don't hurt him," said the captain kindly, but firmly.

"Order him away, then," growled several of the men. "He will swamp us all."

"The captain hesitated a minute, waved his arm in the air and said, 'Back, Prince!' and the faithful brute swam back in the direction in which the vessel had disappeared beneath the surface. Where do you find such pathos in the sea business now? Give me the old sailor every time."

And he hefted up Beaver street as the young mariner divested William street.—New York Mail and Express.

All Be Asked.

"And do you really want to be my son?" asked the widow Mutins of young Spudis, who had asked for her daughter's hand.

"I can't say that I do," replied the truthful suitor. "I want to be Helen's husband."

MY SWEETHEART'S EYES.

Songs have written of love and love, of the things of earth and those above. They're moaned of folly and song of fame And covered with glory some great man's name. They've chanted their praises of country and town— Made for their history a wide renown. Poets have sung of war and peace. From our own big fights to the wars of Greece. They've told us fiction, have told us some truth—

Really, they've sung of all things, forsooth. Unless, perhaps, by some lugubrious chance They've forgot to write of my sweetheart's glance. Ah, mischief is in those eyes of brown, And love is filling those eyes cast down, And down in their depths to guard her well. Those eyes speak words no tongue could form, Words that are cold, or wise, or warm. They've told me things I would never tell— By the coming of May she'll be well, I almost betrayed it, 'twould never do— But I know she will; those brown eyes are true.

—London Mail.

SIGNOR SALVINO.

After my old nurse, Jane Williams, had been left a widow, and, worse than that, with two grandchildren to look after, it became one of my duties, as well as one of my pleasures, to suggest various means by which she could make both ends meet. She owned her little house, and as it was a pleasant cottage, just outside of the hustling, noisy part of the city, it often occurred to me that Jane could not do better than rent one of her rooms. She was too old for active work of any kind, and in any event the care of the children would keep her near home. But to my advice in this direction she at first turned a deaf ear. One of her neighbors had aspired to lodgers, and had put out a sign to that effect, only to get a man who came down with smallpox the night he entered the house. The neighbor had to burn up half her furniture before she got through with the health board.

"Then look at the expense of them printed notices," said Jane, who counted

farthings as most people do dollars.

"I'd have to put out a new one every month,

for between the sun and the rain and the dust the paper would get dirty, and a dirty

sign might make the people think that the rooms was like the sign."

I overcame this objection by offering to

pay for all the printed signs entitled

"Rooms to Let"; that Jane could need,

and before I left for my next trip south I had the satisfaction of seeing the neatest placard I could find adorn the doorpost of Mrs. Williams' cottage, and one nice young man had already been to look at a room.

"That will bring you good fortune, Jane," I said in parting with her. "Now remember what I predicted. It will bring you good fortune. I feel it in my bones."

My first evening walk upon getting home, a few months later, was to see Jane.

Had she a lodger? Or should I have to pay for scores of soiled and wasted pleachers and listen to her complaints? My curiosity rose as I approached the cottage. There was no sign on the door. Evidently she had a lodger. Moreover I could see even in the dim light that the house had been newly painted. And when the door opened and Jane welcomed me into the neat sitting room, it did not take a second glance that to call it a room was less blessed than usual Jane had showed the signs of domesticity in profusion.

"Did you hear that the letters would bring you good fortune?" we're my first words.

"Who is to be and when did he come?"

"What?"—the expression of amazement.

"Haven't you heard?" echoed the children.

"Haven't you heard?" I said.

"Why, it was you," said the paper," continued Jane. "It you that is all alive, Mr. John, you have a right to be surprised. And you haven't heard a word?"

"Oh, Mr. John," shouted both the children at once, "we might all of us been surprised!"

"Stop, stop," I exclaimed. "Let your grandmother tell me all about it from beginning to end, so down the lane, and begin at the beginning. So that nice young man turned out to be a murderer?"

"I'll tell you all about it, Mr. John," said her face flushing with importance. "It was an awful thing. You may well be surprised to find us all alive!"

"But, Jane, I said, a trifle testily, "I'm not a bit surprised. I should have been surprised to find you all dead..."

"Ah," said Jane, "but you don't know what happened. Oh, it was just awful!"

"Well, I tell you. Did that young man try to murder you?"

"That young man, Mr. John? Oh, no,

He took the room for a week at \$2, and I spent 15 cents upon a cake of scented soap for him. He went off without paying a cent. He left a letter in which he said he was going home to die. He took that cake of soap with him too." Jane sighed and went on.

"For two weeks after he left not a soul

asked to see the room till one rainy night about 8 o'clock, just as I was drivin a pen to write "Inquire Within" on a new sign, there came a loud knock at the front door.

"Mercy sakes, alive," says i, "what can that be?"

"Perhaps it's a lodger," says Lizzie,

who was studying her lessons at the table there.

"Laws, no, says i, "I ain't bright

enough to see the sign." With that I stepped into the hall and opened the door.

"I'm lookin for lodgin's," says a gruff

voice, and a big man with a red beard all

dripping with rain stepped inside.

"It's not a night for a dog to be out in, is it, num?"

He was inside the settin room before I

knew it. Johnny got half under the table,

and Lizzie helped me stare at him.

"Lodgin's is what I want, num—a

place for to sleep in. I see your sign up

when I come by here this afternoon, and

I says to myself, "This is the place for

Bill Crumfit." Bill Crumfit, that's me,

num. Now, it's for you to say whether it

is the place for me or not."

"I kind of hesitated, for his eye was sort

of wild, but I could think of no way of

getting him out.

"It's for you to say, num," he says

again, almost in a shout.

"My room is \$1 a week," says I all of a

tremble. That was double what I always

asked, and I thought he might go away.

"The price is high, num," says he,

"but as I like the house, I'll take the room.

"I'll move in right now." And he stamped

the water off his boots so hard that the

house shook. Then he asks for a light.

"A light?" says I.

"Yes, ma'am. I don't generally go to bed in the dark when I pays \$1 a week for

a room. I set at a candle. Not," says he,

"that it is comfortable. For where's what I

call the wan'er or town friend?" And with

that he pulls at a lantern.

"The wanderer's or town friend is a wonderful invention," says he. "Do you know, num,

that if you sit on the friend square in the

face of a person in the dark, that person

The Largest Stock of Gasoline Stoves.

In the county. Make your selections from the following well-known makes:

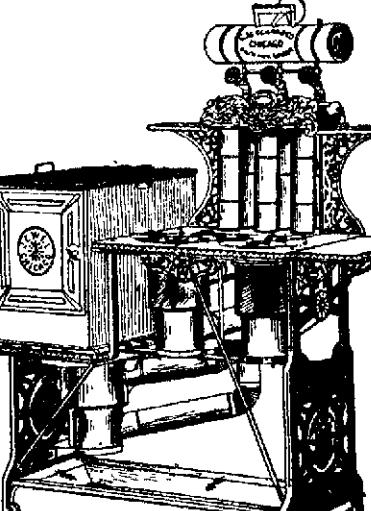
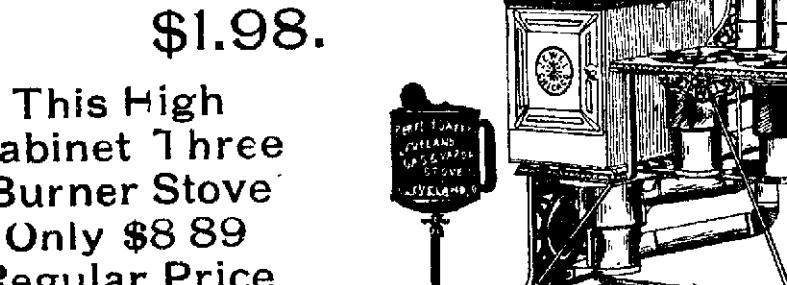
The Jewel, The Elwood, The Aurora, The Princess
The Dangler. Every Stove Guaranteed.

25 per cent Less than

1 Burner Juniors

\$1.98.

This High Cabinet Three Burner Stove Only \$8.89 Regular Price \$12.50



Others Prices. . . .

2 Burner Juniors \$2.98

This high cabinet with double step burner, I burner lights them all only \$9.98. Regal Price \$15.00

THE Jewell Process Worth \$28.00. This Week Only \$22.

Gasoline single ovens, Only \$1.25. Double Ovens, only \$1.75.

The Dangler Stoves at 20 per cent. less than former prices. Iron and Steel Ranges. Complete stock cook stoves

A full line of REFRIGERATORS Lowest Prices in the city.

...It is Easy for You to Select a Carpet....

From our Stock at present prices.

Low Prices on Furniture will be the rule for the Month of May.

You will find it pays to trade at

Benedict's White Palace,

...63-65...

S. Erie St.

NEW WALL PAPERS

All the Newest and Best things in the Spring Styles of Wall Paper can be seen at

E. F. BAHNEY'S

All the new dark effects in

Blue, Red, Brown, Green, Yellow, etc.

Some very beautiful effects in Satin Chamber Papers. Pressed Papers.

Ingrain is being used very largely this season, Some of our leading factories having given special attention to the color effects in Plain Papers.

Regular 10 cent whites for 3 cents. Don't fail to see these.

Good Gilt Papers at 4 and 5 cents.

Reliable Paper-hangers furnished. Prices and work guaranteed. Room Mouldings to match all Papers.

Curtains Every grade and color, from 10c up. These you will appreciate as there are some bargains never shown before.

Curtain Poles of every Description and Price.

THE INDEPENDENT.

THE INDEPENDENT COMPANY

INDEPENDENT BUILDING,

50 North Erie St., Massillon, O.

WEEKLY POUNDED IN 1863.

DAILY POUNDED IN 1887.

SEMI-WEEKLY POUNDED IN 1896.

LONG DISTANCE TELEPHONE NO. 80.
FARMERS' TELEPHONE NO. 60.

THURSDAY, MAY 6, 1897.

At first glance the tariff bill, as it comes from the Senate, is an improvement on the one from the House. We need revenue, and the Senate is disposed to provide it. Now then, gentlemen, pass it.

The first Amish man ever convicted in Wayne county of a felony, John P. Hofstetter, is about to go to the penitentiary for two years, for concealing a stolen bicycle. Here is an average of virtue proved by a startling exception. The Amish neighbors may cut their hair around crooks, fasten their clothes with hooks and eyes, and refuse to shave, but they always tell the truth and almost never steal.

The report of Superintendent Jones, of the public schools, contains the statement that out of an enrollment of 1867 just 62 are taking the optional study of German. This suggests that the idea is dying out that German is a language really required in this country, and that if it is worth while to teach German at all, it ought to have a fixed place in the course and become a mandatory study. In the high school, for instance, three years of faithful study of the German language ought to leave the student with a fair working knowledge of the tongue.

in his new venture, which he has named the Columbia. If Mr. Richardson succeeds, his success may revolutionize the coal carrying trade and produce results of considerable value to Massillon.

Mr. George Harsh, who died early Wednesday morning, had lived in retirement for so many years prior to his death, that the younger generation of Massillonians scarcely knew him except as a very wealthy man who occupied a high place in the respect of those who had been associated with him in his prime. He had amassed his fortune by strictly honorable and painstaking methods, and was the very soul of honesty and uprightness. He was a faithful friend and a wise counselor. Until the very last he retained his faculties unimpaired, personally controlling his important interests and investments, and taking a keen interest in the doings of the community. In 1893 when the panic seemed to be sweeping over the country in a wave, and every influence was being exerted to protect commercial credits and restore confidence, the Massillon business men intuitively turned to Mr. Harsh. He was asked to write a letter on the situation for publication in THE INDEPENDENT. It was done, and it had the happy effect of contributing very greatly to the easier feeling that followed, enabling the city to get through the year without a single disastrous failure in its record. Mr. Harsh's death does not come as a surprise. He had lived to a ripe old age, and his last years were passed amidst a great loneliness that no human power could dispel. Many friends remember him most kindly, and he will be thought of always as a man of commanding influence whose fingers were unstained by a single dishonorable deed.

THE MAGIC NAME OF SCHOTT

AS THE INDEPENDENT surmised, the name of Schott proves a good one to conjure with. Mayor James Allen Rice, the boy mayor of Canton, has gone to Washington to hide his depression over the news that Mayor Schott of Massillon is in the saddle as a candidate for governor. Ruins brooks, and stones and leaves, and trees, cry to each other to press forward the magic name of Schott, and as for the worthy mayor—well hope springs eternal in the human breast. The Canton Record, heretofore an ardent Rice organ is out for Mr. Schott and thus helps along the great cause.

Mayor Tobias Schott appears to be a very modest man to be a Democratic politician. He is perfectly willing to take back seat for our mayor in the gubernatorial race, but qualifies the statement by saying he is in the hands of his friends. Mr. Schott should keep an eye open for these friends, however. Most politicians have more trouble with their friends than they do with their political enemies. Mr. Schott has his pole up, however, and is perfectly willing to have the political lightning strike in his vicinity."

The Pittsburg Times thus declares itself:

"The announcement of Mayor Rice, of Canton, as a candidate for governor, has stirred up the Democrats of Massillon, between whom and the Democrats of Canton there is always friction. The result is that Mayor Schott, twice-elected mayor by good pluralities, has been introduced as a candidate for governor also."

The boom is on men and brethren. Only the Canton News-Democrat holds back. Let the watchwords be: Massillon, Schott, Reform and Red Blood

MCKINLEY AND PLATT.

President McKinley has the good sense not to antagonize Senator Platt because the latter opposed his nomination. Of this matter the New York Sun says "It is learned from persons conversant with the facts that those who are hungry for a row between President McKinley and Senator Platt and Secretary Bliss are to be disappointed."

"President McKinley, however, set the pace for New York Republicans at a recent interview at the White House with George E. Matthews and ex-Mayor Jewett, of Buffalo. They were original McKinley men" in New York state, and they started out to chop Senator Platt to bits. President McKinley heard them through and when they had finished he turned to Mr. Matthews and said: "You are a friend of mine."

"Yes, certainly, Mr. President," replied Mr. Matthews.

"President McKinley then went on to inform Mr. Matthews that Senator Platt had been most considerate in every way and was thoroughly acquainted with President McKinley's programme as to the distribution of the federal patronage in New York state. Senator Platt has been very fair all the way through," continued President McKinley, and he recognizes that my programme to take care of my early friends in New York state is correct, and he has not made the slightest objection to it."

"President McKinley said after the interview that he liked Senator Platt, and while he remembered his early friends he would not quarrel with Senator Platt. President McKinley is doing everything in his power, said Mr. Matthews, to keep the party together, well knowing that it must present a united front in the next presidential campaign."

"It is the Best on Earth."

That is what Edwards & Parker, merchants of Plains, Ga., say of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, for rheumatism, lame back, deep seated and muscular pains. Sold by Z. T. Baltzly, druggist, opera block.

See the windows at 22 E. Main street.

STARK COUNTY NEWS.

May Term of Court Begins Monday Morning.

LAWYER JONES HAS ASSIGNED.

Interesting Bulletins from the Various County Departments—Dalton's Treasurer Resigns and E. A. Freet Takes the Vacant Place—Corn to India from Wayne County.

The May term of common pleas court began this morning in court room No. 1. Judge McCarthy disposed of the motion docket and the empanelling of the grand jury followed. Late this afternoon the grand jury began its duties, and witnesses in the Dangeleisen-Franz shooting case were examined.

Levi M. Jones, a prominent real estate dealer, of this city, assigned Saturday evening to Thomas F. Turner. The assets are given at \$35,000 to \$40,000 and the liabilities are estimated at \$25,000. The property involved includes twelve pieces of real estate, the most valuable being the Whiting block. It is thought that the property can be disposed of to such an advantage that the assignment can be lifted. Depreciation in the values of real estate drove Mr. Jones to the wall. The latter is a member of the Stark county bar and practiced law until he embarked in the real estate business.

Annie Rieh has been appointed administratrix of the estate of W. J. Lormer, of Canton. In the estate of Joseph D. Figenschue, of Canton, appraisement of the partnership assets and liabilities of the late firm of Konen and Figenschue has been ordered. In the guardianship of Stephen Stoner, of Bethlehem township, appraisements of ward's lands have been filed. The will of Christian Schneider, of Jackson township, has been admitted to probate, and William and Eli Schneider have been appointed executors. The guardian of Grace Belle Shetler, of Louisville, has filed new bond. In the guardianship of Ida M. Rowland, of Canton, inventory has been filed.

Marriage licenses have been granted to George B. Newhart and Laura E. Neff, of Canton; Alexander Fratheringham and Maud Bevan, of Massillon; Isaac R. Pearson and Barbara Leachty, of Louisville, and Harriet D. Cunningham and Susan A. Wise, of Canton.

IT IS UNDER ADVISEMENT.

Judge McCarthy Considering the Motion in the J. F. Hess Case

CANTON, May 4.—Judge McCarthy heard the motion argued yesterday for a new trial in the case of J. F. Hess vs. The Canton-Massillon Electric Railway Company, but has taken the matter under advisement. The impaneling of the grand jury followed and William Wagner was appointed foreman. The witness in the Dangeleisen shooting case are being examined this morning.

Public sale of real estate has been ordered in the estate of Malcolm Macaulay, of Alliance. A petition to sell real estate has been filed in the estate of Susan Spriggs, of Alliance. Sale and transfer of mortgage notes have been ordered in the estate of Mathew Laughlin, of Alliance. A guardian has been ordered appointed for Lauretta L. Prince, of Canton, who has been adjudged an imbecile. Alice Mackley has been appointed administrator of the estate of Robert Lormer, of Canton. Motion to sell desperate claims has been filed in the estate of John H. Ogden, of Massillon. A final account has been filed in the estate of Henry Mathews, of Massillon. In the estate of John Whitmer, of Massillon, the widow accepts the provisions of the will. The bond of the assignee of Levi M. Jones, of Canton, has been approved.

Della C. Reed began suit on Monday afternoon to secure divorce from Jacob Reed, whom she married at Freeburg in January, 1896. Gross neglect is charged and Mrs. Reed also petitions for alimony and the restoration of her maiden name. The grand jury for the May term includes the following: William Stover, Lawrence; William Ritterspaugh, Canton; A. Vignos, Canton; Uriah Loutzenheiser, Minishillen; Adam Stephen, Massillon; William Wagner, Canton; Henry Aldinger, Washington; Ishmael Morrow, Plain; William Faulk, Sandy; A. S. Cassidy, Alliance; Jacob M. Shaub, Canton; J. W. Barnaby, Alliance; H. R. Bennett, Bethlehem; Samuel Bechtel, Jackson; and Henry Rear Plain.

A promissory note given by Frank A. Piero in the sum of \$1,000, is past due and Catharine Winterhalter has sued to force payment of the same. The note is secured by mortgage.

Isaac M. Taggart, by Lawyer R. W. McCaughey, has begun suit against David J. Snyder to recover \$211.77. Judgment for this amount was secured by the plaintiff in a justice court.

Fred H. Snyder, J. D. Wetter and Frank Crone, who were appointed to appraise the estate of the late Peter Sailer, of Massillon, have filed an inventory with the probate judge. The personal property alone was appraised and was valued at \$7,091.

Marriage licenses have been granted to Benjamin F. Parker and Rosa A. Halton, and Joseph Seery and Elizabeth Nighman, of Canton.

DALTON'S TREASURER RESIGNS.

ORRVILLE, O., May 3.—Treasurer John Lingebuhl, Democrat, of Dalton, and of Sugar Creek township, resigned, and as the trustees have the appointment, and they consist of two Republicans and one Democrat, they appointed Mr. E. A. Freet, a life-long resident of Dalton, who has been treasurer of the township as well as the corporation for a great many years. He also served in the office as postmaster for twenty-five years and until Cleveland was elected President... Two car loads of corn were shipped from here

for the far away India sufferers last week, and considerable money has been raised and sent also to the proper ones.

A MT. EATON ASSIGNMENT.

MT. EATON, May 4.—E. F. Graber was in Wooster Friday... Maud Miller, of Orrville, is visiting here, the guest of Mrs. Ellsworth Reed... Emanuel Huguehot made an assignment Thursday to E. F. Graber. Liabilities about \$5,000; assets not that much... William Scott, of Apple Creek, was found dead in his office of the mill by his partner, Mr. Munson, Friday sitting in his chair. Heart disease caused the death... Sheriff W. W. Graber and Recorder Florin Schaffter, of Wooster, were in town Monday on business. Mr. and Mrs. S. A. Schlafly and daughter were in Wooster Wednesday.

DOGS UNDER SUSPICION.

A Number of Them Killed Since Monday.

PEOPLE ARE TAKING NO CHANCES.

John Fields Thankful for What He Deems His Family's Narrow Escape—Some People Believe the Present Scare Due to Excessive Humidity.

The belief that a dog owned by John Fields had gone mad before it was shot on Monday by George Schneider, and the fear that it had bitten other dogs in the neighborhood, led the people in the vicinity of Canal and South streets to take prompt precautionary measures. Mr. Fields says that between noon and 6 o'clock Monday evening four dogs that he knows of were killed by their owners. "They say there is no such thing as hydrophobia," said he, "but a sight of my dog while it was carrying on, would have convinced such people that if there is no such thing as hydrophobia, something else gets into dogs and makes them behave in a frightful way. I noticed that my dog acted queerly on Monday morning, and I am thankful that it was killed before my children were bitten."

It is hard to believe that all of the many mad dog stories, which seem to be coming in waves from all directions just now, are true. Doubtless many timid people, on hearing of one well authenticated case, are disposed to take alarm the moment they see or hear of another dog that seems at all vicious. There is a good deal to be said on the scientific side of hydrophobia, and it finds brief description in Webster's dictionary as follows:

"An abnormal dread of water, said to be a symptom of canine madness; hence the disease caused by a bite from, or inoculation with the saliva of a rabid creature, of which the chief symptoms are, a sense of dryness and constriction in the throat, causing difficulty in deglutition, and a marked heightening of reflex excitability, producing convulsions whenever the patient attempts to swallow or is disturbed in any way, as by the sight or sound of water."

While he does not deny the existence of the disease, Health Officer T. Clarke Miller is loath to believe than any of the alleged mad dogs of the past few days were really suffering with hydrophobia. He can assign no reason why there should be more canine insanity at this time than any other.

"These scares have become very common of late," said he, "and the people have become so aroused that any dog whose actions are at all out of the ordinary is at once pronounced mad, and killed. In my opinion it is just possible that these Massillon dogs were as free from rabies as they ever were, and if this sort of thing should continue and result only in more dogs being killed, I think we can hardly regard it as a calamity. The town's canine population is large and a portion of it can easily be spared."

MAD DOG SCARE.

Every Excited Dog Now Under Suspicion of Having Hydrophobia.

It seems that there is to be no end to the mad dog scares. John Field's pet Fannie behaved itself so extraordinarily Sunday morning, that the people who saw it were so sure that it had hydrophobia that George Schneider felt justified in blowing its head off with a load of buck shot.

The first appearance of the alleged insane animal, on Sunday, was between six and seven o'clock. Fireman Gust Theis had come to the door to get a breath of fresh air and about the same time his dog "Nig" came dashing down the street with a strange member of the tribe, whose eyes were as large as saucers and shone like fire, at his heels. The fireman's dog led the other a merry chase around the engine house and soon reached a haven of safety. Then the other started toward town and met John Riggle, whose agility was all that saved him.

Afterward it bit dogs innumerable, including one of its promising pups, and Dairyman Fisher's horse is today suffering with a strange wound in its leg, which shows plainly the marks of a dog's bite.

Nicholas Schneider was just about to leave for church when he first saw the dog. He thought it was mad, and he felt it right to finish it before anybody or thing came to harm. Still, he was not quite sure that it was the proper time and place for that sort of thing, so he merely told his son George about it, and the two of them went to church. George was on the hunt for some time before he encountered the raving beast, but about 9 o'clock, at the corner of South and Muskingum streets, they finally met. The rest is known.

President McKinley said after the interview that he liked Senator Platt, and while he remembered his early friends he would not quarrel with Senator Platt. President McKinley is doing everything in his power, said Mr. Matthews, to keep the party together, well knowing that it must present a united front in the next presidential campaign."

"It is the Best on Earth."

That is what Edwards & Parker, merchants of Plains, Ga., say of Chamberlain's Pain Balm, for rheumatism, lame back, deep seated and muscular pains. Sold by Z. T. Baltzly, druggist, opera block.

See the windows at 22 E. Main street.

WORK IN THE SCHOOLS.

Superintendent Jones Makes His Term Report.

THE STATISTICS FOR THE TERM.

Enrollment Rapidly Nearing Two Thousand—and Absence and Tardiness Still Appear in the Record—Boys and Girls Who Have Been Present and Punctual.

The following report shows the enrollment, attendance, tardiness, etc. of pupils in the Massillon public schools, for the term ending March 26, 1897:

Whole number enrolled.....	1,887
Entire enrollment less re-enrolments.....	1,825
Average number belonging.....	1,728
Average daily attendance.....	1,638

Per cent of daily attendance on enrollment..... 90

Per cent of daily attendance on average belonging..... 95

Absence in days..... 6,105

Different pupils absent..... 1,251

Absence in days caused by sickness..... 3,021

Different pupils absent on account of sickness..... 683

Number present every half day..... 574

Number punctual every half day..... 547

Cases of tardiness..... 255

Number of Pupils tardy..... 130

Cases of truancy..... 22

Number of pupils who were truants..... 10

The enrollment was distributed by grades, as follows: High school, 133; grammar, 465; secondary, 412; primary, 783.

Number enrolled in each building:

North street, 520; East street, 351; Tremont street, 518; Cherry street, 95; West Main street, 97; Richville avenue, 91; State street, 135.

Number of teachers including substitute, special teachers in drawing, music and German, and the superintendent, 44. Number of pupils studying German, 62.

The following scholars were present and punctual every half day of the term:

High school—Margaret Boerner, Charlotte Fuchs, Gertrude Hanne, Edith Hansen, Augusta Snyder, Lily Schaeffer, Elizabeth Ane, Emma Bartel, Gertrude Feller, Amelia Hinderer, Linda E. Keller, Ada M. Ogden, Ida Paul, Nellie E. Spuhler, May Bartel, Anna Griffiths, Mabel Hoch, Amie Inman, Charlotte Keller, Lola List, Cora Menuez, Winnie Miller, Rose Paul, Lucile Shoemaker, Wm. Conrad, William Graves, Ormond Hankins, Sam H. Loew, Kent Yost, Walter Clay, Charles Wray Arthur, John J. Forster, William Griffith, Melville Howald, Harvey H. Snyder, Thomas B. Stephan, Courtney Burton, Walter E. Jones, George Kratsch, William Leggett, Edmund Morris, Edward Nill, Ralph Oberlin, Horatio Wales, James Young and Jennie Archer.

THEIR FIRST COMMUNION.

The Sacrament Administered to One Hundred and Fifty Children.

A class of one hundred and ten children, between the ages of eleven and thirteen years, took their first communion at St. Joseph's church on Sunday. There were

LOCAL HAPPENINGS.

Discovered this Week by Independent Investigators.

Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Knight, in Henry street, a son.

Thos. J. Falor and daughter Mabel have left for Buffalo, N. Y., to be gone several days.

George Thomas, of Alliance, is the guest of his daughter, Mrs. Jennie Howells, in Wooster street.

Misses Bessie and Corinne Barney returned to Cleveland, Monday evening, after a pleasant Massillon visit.

George Parsells, for over twenty-five years a resident of Massillon, moved to Toledo on Tuesday, where he has erected a new home.

Frank P. Eisenbrey, who for twenty years was a clerk in Humpreys' store, has accepted a similar position in the Siebold establishment.

Marriage licenses have been granted to John Dingler and Anna McGill, of Massillon, and Howard Wolf and Mary C. Bowman, of New Franklin.

Miss Minnie King, matron of the Whittier State School, Cal., arrived in the city this morning to spend a vacation with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. M. H. King.

Mr. and Mrs. Amasa Clark and Mr. and Mrs. Edward Steese returned to Brookline, Mass., Sunday afternoon, Mrs. Charles Steese accompanying them to New York.

Judge and Mrs. Ricks and Miss Ricks have left Coronado, Cal., and are returning to Ohio by easy stages. They are now at Pasadena, and do not expect to reach Massillon until June.

Miller M. Spangler, one of Cleveland's pioneer citizens, died at 5 o'clock Sunday evening. He was born in Stark county in 1813 and moved to Cleveland in 1819. The funeral will be held Tuesday.

Mr. and Mrs. George Klein, who were married in New Philadelphia last Thursday, and who have been spending their honeymoon with Mr. and Mrs. Christ Klein, in this city, for several days, have returned to New Philadelphia.

The Rev. Henry Ensworth, of Brownsville, Pa., occupied the pulpit of St. Timothy's church Sunday morning and evening. Mr. Ensworth delivered two excellent sermons and made a very pleasant impression upon the congregation.

While working at the picket mill on the Kerstetter farm, west of town, on Tuesday, one of Clarence Newsletter's hands came in contact with a circular saw that was in rapid motion. Though badly injured, it is thought that the member can be saved.

Mr. Michael Bar, of Canton, spent a pleasant hour with Massillon friends, last evening, and though he said little about his political aspirations, those who saw him have no reason to think that he will not consent to be the Democratic candidate for recorder.

Much interest was shown in the beet sugar project at the latest meeting of the Creston Vegetable Growers' Association. About thirty pounds of seed had been ordered, and several varieties will be tested. The Rev. G. A. Hughes was elected inspector, to keep a complete record of each person who has agreed to grow the sugar beet.

The special meeting of the board of health called by Mayor Schott, Monday evening, to confer with a committee of councilmen, Messrs. Reay, Kramer and Paul, was attended by all members. The purpose of the meeting was to discuss the matter of the sanitary policemen, so that the committee might be prepared to make an intelligent report.

Receivers Blieckensdorfer and Herrick of the Wheeling & Lake Erie, have decided to create the office of assistant superintendent of motive power. The appointment has not been made, but it will be announced in a few days. The headquarters of the official will be temporarily at least in Ironville. He will divide the duties of the motive power department with O. P. Dunbar, who is in charge at present.

The W. & L. E. trestle over Short creek, near Warrenton, which caused the fatal wreck on Thursday, has been repaired and freight traffic was resumed on Sunday morning. Superintendent Stout said this morning that the engine miraculously escaped total destruction. Although it crushed through the bridge timbers and fell to the creek bed, twenty-two feet below, a few weeks in the shop will see it prepared for active service.

Nicholas Seil, who was a resident of Massillon a score of years ago, and a member of the Massillon Silver Band, arrived in the city on Monday, and is now the guest of his uncle, Peter Seil, in North Mill street. Mr. Seil's home is in Walla Walla, Wash. Last evening the members of the Harmonia band were invited in, and the time was pleasantly passed in exchanging reminiscences and a score of other ways. The band furnished excellent music during the evening.

Miss Louisa Keller, of Canton, an employee at a steam laundry, had a thrilling experience Monday morning. Miss Keller was cleaning the cellar when her hair, which was hanging unfastened, became fastened in the lime shafting. Engineer Harry Kintz, who was standing nearby, ran to his engine and quickly closed the throttle. His presence of mind undoubtedly saved the young woman's scalp. A large bunch of hair was torn from her head and she suffered severely from the terrible shock.

John Barber, one of the workhouse inmates who recently escaped and was re-captured, was flogged upon his return. Supt. Pontius says the punishment was not severe. Director Werner, of the workhouse board, says: "The rules governing the workhouse do not provide for such corporal punishment. A dungeon has been provided for prisoners who are insubordinate. I am satisfied that inquiry will be made into the affair and proper action will be taken if any violations of the rules and regulations have occurred."

The Buffalo Express says of Catcher Harry Smith, of this city, who is again playing with the Buffalo club of the Eastern League: "By the way, Harry Smith started off the season with a few troubles in Syracuse. He never misses a meal, but he actually missed the train on Tuesday morning and had to take a freight. It'll take him another month to get out of range of the boys in

consequence. They have had no mercy on him so far. Time-tables innumerable find their way into Smith's pockets, into his bed, under his plate and in every imaginable place."

Robert Setterling called at this office last evening to state that his brother, for whose faithful attendance of school his father was recently obliged to give bond in the sum of \$100, was more sinned against than sinning. He says his brother is 15 years old instead of 13, and that the whole trouble was due to the director of the Riverview school mistaking the for a 3. Furthermore, he says, his brother attended school the number of days in the year required by law. He also wishes it known that his father's bond was not forfeited, as the matter took on an entirely different aspect when the real facts came to light.

James Smith, sr., T. J. Falor, Fred McEwen, Thomas Miller, Edmund Clementz and Edward Critchfield, of this city, left Wednesday afternoon for Buffalo, N. Y., to be witnesses in a damage suit instituted in court there by L. W. Heinheimer against the Pennsylvania railroad. Mr. Heinheimer alleges that he was injured by being struck by a train in this city some time in 1894. He was then a traveling salesman and had come to Massillon on business. Mr. Clementz will appear in court merely to identify some photographs that he has made of the Pennsylvania railway station and surroundings. During his absence his business will be looked after by a competent man.

The board of control of the Ohio Teachers' Reading Circle will meet in Columbus on Saturday, May 8, for the purpose of deciding upon a teacher's course of reading for the year 1897-8, and to make such revision of the pupil's course as may seem desirable. The board consists of eight members, two of whom are elected each year by the State Teachers' Association. The membership at the present time is as follows: Mrs. D. L. Williams, Delaware; Dr. J. J. Burns, Defiance; Supt. Charles Haupert, Wooster; Margaret W. Southerton, Columbus; Supt. E. A. Jones, Massillon; Prof. Warren Darst, Ada; Prof. Charles L. Loos, Dayton; Supt. S. T. Dial, Lockland, and A. T. Corson, school commissioner. The board was first organized in 1888 and Supt. Jones has served continuously since that time. He will attend the meeting on Saturday.

WORKHOUSE REPORT.

The Trustees Sustain Supt. Pontius in the Barber Case.

At a meeting of the Stark county workhouse trustees the following was adopted:

"Whereas, A rumor has been circulated that J. W. Pontius, the superintendent of the workhouse, has been guilty of inflicting unnecessary punishment upon one John Barber, a prisoner confined in the workhouse, for assaulting and beating his wife, sentenced to imprisonment for four months by the mayor of Youngstown, the board deemed it necessary to investigate the matter. The prisoner attempted to assault the guard and threatened to 'brain' him with an ax. The superintendent had to whip him to subdue him.

"The punishment inflicted was not more severe than it ought to have been, or than was necessary to subdue the prisoner and compel obedience to the rules of the institution. The board then approves the action of the superintendent in the punishment inflicted upon the prisoner."

Superintendent Pontius reported to the board that at the beginning of April there were ninety-seven prisoners confined in the workhouse. During the month eighty-seven were received, and the daily average for the month was 107 prisoners. He reported five attempts at escape, two being successful. The net earnings for the month were as follows: Boarding foreign prisoners, \$72.20; sale of lime stone, \$646.93; for labor in broom shop, \$130.12. Total, \$1,354.25. The gross expenses of the concern were \$1,723."

DEATH OF HERMAN MARKS.

Sudden Death of an Active Business Man.

Herman Marks retired at about 9:30 o'clock Tuesday evening apparently a well man. Within a half hour afterward he was taken violently ill with heart disease, and medical aid failing to relieve him, death occurred at 10:10 o'clock. For a year Mr. Marks had been a victim of heart trouble and suffered several serious attacks during that time. When the end came his wife and son were with him. He was conscious to the last minute.

Herman Marks left Pinne, in the province of Posen, Germany, where he was born in 1837, when eighteen years of age and immigrated to this country. In 1875 he came to Massillon, and the firm of Bloomingdale & Marks, retail clothiers, was established. Later Mr. Marks purchased his partner's interest and continued the business to the time of his death.

Mr. Marks was married in Meadville, Pa., in 1868 to Margaret Smith, who died in 1888. The following year he married Phoebe Bloch, of Cleveland, who survives him. He leaves one son also.

In the many years that Mr. Marks had been a resident of Massillon, he had earned the respect of all and his sudden death has occasioned general regret and grief. He was a member of two societies, the German Pioneers and Massillon Lodge, No. 484, I. O. O. F.

Smiles Irradiate the Countenance.

When those atrocious bodily troubles, chills and fever, dyspepsia, kidney or rheumatic disorders, yield, as they invariably do, to the benign action of Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a remedy of comprehensive use, pure in composition, unobjectionable to a delicate palate, and thorough in effects. Sick headache, loss of appetite, flesh and sleep, heart-burn, are among the physical annoyances obviated by the Bitters. They are in the nature of signals of distress displayed by disordered stomach, liver and bowels, disappear with the cause that produced them. But these signals should heed at once. Then the woe begone look of chronic ill health will speedily disappear and vigor and comfort restore a cheerful aspect to the face. That faithful index to the condition of the system never fails to wear a look of sunshine when the Bitters is used to dispel the cloud.

The Buffalo Express says of Catcher Harry Smith, of this city, who is again

playing with the Buffalo club of the Eastern League: "By the way, Harry Smith started off the season with a few

troubles in Syracuse. He never misses a meal, but he actually missed the train on Tuesday morning and had to take a

freight. It'll take him another month to get out of range of the boys in

the neighborhood of the boys in

ARGUS OUTPOINTED.

AN INSECT THAT IS CREDITED WITH THIRTY-SIX THOUSAND EYES.

Scientists Have Made Some Wonderful Discoveries In This Line, but They Give the Pain to the Common Dragon Fly Interesting Natural History.

Thirty six thousand eyes in one head! This may appear a little like exaggeration, but it is a fact. Science, backed by the microscope, says so, and science never stretches the truth. Should it do so it would cease to be a science.

Argus was fabled to have a hundred eyes, but Argus would be a very insignificant curiosity compared with the latest discovery in the insect kingdom. There are numbers of insects with 100 and even 500 eyes, but when the number of optics allotted to a single insect reaches up into the thousands the idea is startling.

Naturalists have recently been engaged in the study of this most interesting subject. Each succeeding day brings more marvelous results until the astounding discovery has been made that the common dragon fly, or mosquito hawk, while seemingly possessed of only two visual organs, really has as many as 36,000, each of the two visible to the ordinary observer being subdivided into 18,000 separate lenses, each eye let having a distinct nerve connecting it with the brain and acting entirely independently of its myriads of coni-pinnous.

The theory most generally adopted by scientists is that, while far superior to the eye of higher animal life as regards moving objects, the power of observation of the composite eye is inferior in its application to stationary things. The reason is this: The moving object is first observed by one of the thousands of facets, which perceives it for the infinitesimal part of a second that it takes to get out of the arc of vision of that particular lens and pass into that of another, each movement being separately telegraphed to the brain by the facet on duty. But with a stationary object it is different, since for some reason the minor organ fails to focus accurately, and so renders the object less distinct than when viewed by eyes of only one lens each.

A question which continues to puzzle the scientists is whether the animal or insect sees as many images of the objects as he has eyes, or facets. For instance, does the dragon fly fancy he is flitting over 36,000 ponds, or does he see only one? Probably one, for the two eyes of a human being in normal condition show but a single image. Besides, apart from the lenses and cells in front, the eye is a hollow sphere pervaded by peripheries running down the lens toward the center. It follows that the light impressions thus form a single picture or image, as it were, even though presenting a slightly different picture from its neighbor and the group presenting a perfect whole.

There are many other animals possessing an extraordinary number of eyes. James Francis Stevens, a noted entomologist, is said to have recorded 2,000 such eyes in his garden in one afternoon, while Francis Passal, another noted naturalist, counted 84 different species on his library windows.

The common housefly, for instance, has many eyes scattered irregularly over its body. The housefly has raised together in each orb more than a hundred distinct eyes, and unlike human eyes, these are set forward instead of being sunk inward. Does the poor lobster see things a hundredfold? If so, possibly it is in availing the few imaginary lobster pets that he strudels into the real one. The common housefly has 4,000 eyes, the cabbage butterfly 17,000, the dragon fly 8,000, the honeybee 6,000. But still at the head of the list stands the mosquito hawk, or dragon fly, with his 36,000. As his name suggests, while not despising any of the smaller insects, his specialty is the mosquito. Indeed he has so succeeded in exterminating these little pests that his little form still fills them with alarm. In localities where mosquitoes are troublesome an effectual mode of ridging the place of them consists in suspending a dead dragon fly from the ceiling by a piece of thread. Those who have tried it say that it has never been known to fail.

Up to a certain point these multitudinous eyes may be compared to windows fitted with innumerable panes of glass. The panes, however, are of different forms. Some, like those of the bee and the ant, are six sided, reminding us of the pattern so common in Gothic architecture. Some, again, are diamond shaped and others square. Another interesting branch of this interesting subject is the study of the near-sighted insects. Johanna Müller long ago pointed out that the flight of insects depends upon their power of vision. This will account for the difference in the flights of the common housefly and the wasp. The one confines himself to short flights. As his food is always to be found within a small area, he flies in short curves and circles. But the wasp is remarkably sharp sighted, and the arrangement of the lenses shows that his line of vision is decidedly forward. Here, again, the dragon fly is prominent. He has well been called the tyrant of the air. He alone is able to take perfectly straight lines at enormous speed for long distances, evidently seeing well what is ahead of him.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

Knew How.

Friend (making a call)—You are not looking very robust. Do you enjoy good health?

Mrs. Stayatt Holme (with a sigh)—Indeed I do! But I hardly ever have a chance to.—Chicago Tribune.

The origin of soap is a mystery, but we have many evidences of its antiquity. It is mentioned at least twice in the Bible, under the name of "bouth," at a period corresponding to several centuries before Christ.

POWER FROM OYSTER SOUP.

How an Ingenious Locomotive Engineer Saved His Train and Passengers.

He was more than an ordinarily accomplished liar for an amateur, and they all knew it when they asked him for a story.

"I can tell you how I once ran an engine and saved a trainload of people with an oyster stew if you want to know, but I don't think of anything more exciting than that," he said apologetically.

"That's good enough," they all declared. "Give us that."

"All right, then, here goes," he said as he settled back in his chair. "I was once engineer on a road that ran for a long distance through the forests of northern Wisconsin, and we were frequently bothered by forest fires. They were particularly bad at the time I speak of. One day I had run through one big blaze only to find that there was a bigger one ahead. The worst of it was we were low on water, and there was no chance to fill the tank without dashing through the fire ahead of us. I sent the fireman out to see if we had enough to make the run, but he came back and told me the boiler was almost dry.

"I was puzzled for awhile. It was death to all of us I knew to stay there, but how to get out was the question. Suddenly a happy thought struck me. There was a milk car just behind the first baggage, and I made for it. 'How much milk have you got?' I says to the fellow in charge. 'About 40 cans, I guess,' he answered. 'Why do you ask?' 'Never mind,' says I. 'What's that in those cans in the corner?' 'Oysters,' he answered. 'But why do you want to know?' 'Never you mind,' I told him, and then I ordered the other train hands who had come up to see why we had stopped to tote that milk and those oysters up to the engine.

"They did it in spite of the kicking of the milkman, and when they had brought them up I ordered them all chucked into the tank. The conductor came up, too, and declared it was a funny notion to be making oyster stew in an engine boiler, when we were in danger of being burned alive, but I soon convinced him that it was necessary if we did not want to stay there and roast.

"Well, we finally dumped in all the milk and all the oysters and started ahead. You ought to have smelled the steam that came back into that engine cab. It would have made you think of an old time church festival. Wheew! How that soup did smell! It made the engine jump, though, and that was all we wanted. We got up a great head of steam in no time, and the way we ploughed through that nest fire left us a caution. As we pulled up at the station just beyond I opened up and began to whistle. A great crowd of oyster soup or vapor shot up in the sky, so says, and didn't come down till we were far out of sight. Then it seemed as if a thick fog—oyster soup, perhaps, I imagine—reached out and covered the town, and there was a country school in the town who was sure it was the great influenza.

At a pretty little inn we found good Cape wine, and the innkeeper's daughter, a lovely maiden of 17, served it to us in old English tumblers. Some of us drank more than we could answer for to the pleated condition of our pocketbooks, because of the look out of Nelly's sweet brown eyes that went with the cup that cheered. But Nelly was as modest as she was pretty, and her parents' eyes watched into the bargain.

In the meantime we talked only of Nelly, and "right art a right found us gathering at the restaurant in town. On the second night another surprise awaited us. On one of the side porches we found a piano.

"A piano, indeed, and come!" shouted a gay, happy lad.

With a master's license I dropped into the parlor and I saw my hands wonder over the keys. The instrument was in excellent condition, and we sang the tunes all the jazz and sentimental bits we knew. Nelly's parents said groups of mighty girls had all swayed round her, but the story—we told them about it, and that was the silliest lieing sonstest I ever saw."—Chicago Times-Herald.

A Scotch Beau Brummel.

A Scotch weekly paper named Saint Mungo tells of the costume of some of the gentry who may be seen walking upon the fashionable streets of Edinburgh. One citizen is described as follows: "Mr. Theodore Napier is a man of 4,000 eyes, the cabbage butterfly 17,000, the dragon fly 8,000, the honeybee 6,000. But still at the head of the list stands the mosquito hawk, or dragon fly, with his 36,000. As his name suggests, while not despising any of the smaller insects, his specialty is the mosquito. Indeed he has so succeeded in exterminating these little pests that his little form still fills them with alarm. In localities where mosquitoes are troublesome an effectual mode of ridging the place of them consists in suspending a dead dragon fly from the ceiling by a piece of thread. Those who have tried it say that it has never been known to fail."

Up to a certain point these multitudinous eyes may be compared to windows fitted with innumerable panes of glass. The panes, however, are of different forms. Some, like those of the bee and the ant, are six sided, reminding us of the pattern so common in Gothic architecture. Some, again, are diamond shaped and others square.

Another interesting branch of this interesting subject is the study of the near-sighted insects. Johanna Müller long ago pointed out that the flight of insects depends upon their power of vision. This will account for the difference in the flights of the common housefly and the wasp. The one confines himself to short flights. As his food is always to be found within a small area, he flies in short curves and circles. But the wasp is remarkably sharp sighted, and the arrangement of the lenses shows that his line of vision is decidedly forward. Here, again, the dragon fly is prominent.

He has well been called the tyrant of the air. He alone is able to take perfectly straight lines at enormous speed for long distances, evidently seeing well what is ahead of him.—New Orleans Times-Democrat.

How a Good Bow Is Made.

May I tell the history of my best bow, the dark one nearest the wall? Plaything, the newspaper wise man named the like, in comparison with a five foot bois d'arc (he called it hickory) segment of a logshead hoop, light a bow, in the hand of a half naked Sioux buck. It came from a yew tree of Spain to the London workshop, a billet in the rough, but to be split out with care, and not flaw in it. The bowyer scrutinized it with the connoisseur's knowing eye, found it perfect, laid it up to season. And for five years—dream of it—for five long years that billet passed from stage to stage, slowly hand worked into a bow. Then yet another year it was tested and polished before I could have it. From the strongly wrought horn nock tips to the green plush handle midway between, it is a comfort to look upon. You might well call it a sonnet in wood. A hickory bow, indeed, and an Indian archer! With this yew at 80 yards I shot it out of 11 arrows through a gourd eight inches in diameter.

Maurice Thompson, Atlantic.

RAINY DAYS.

On rainy days I take my pipe an set Upon the porch an dream that by the hour, The raindrops, patterin downward, seem to get The fowls to pratin for the gentle shower. Upon the fence the partridge stands upright An shides his whistle shuttle through the haze, An, circuin, chinney swallows sink from sight, On rainy days.

All sounds the low an meller, like the tone Of preachers readin of the ritual, while A petorbird swings on a limb above, An geese arost the wood sat slow slowly. Up from the kitchen, on the air a-swing, My daughter's voice comes in a song of praise, An then my soul floats heavenward on the hymn, On rainy days. —Will T. Hale.

A SAILOR'S LOVE.

His majesty's ship Gazelle steamed into the harbor of Simonstown after several weeks of a stormy, difficult passage.

Requests for leave of absence came pouring in and were gladly granted, for the first officer was in a happy frame of mind. The anchor maneuvers passed off without a flaw, and the commander had expressed thorough satisfaction with the brilliant drill.

As the time drew near for the cadets to go ashore the noise in the messroom increased with every moment. Those of us who had co-habited with others who expected remittances from home at Simonstown! When all were ready to depart, we were called on deck and ordered to fall into line. The first officer looked us over, to see that we were as spruce and clean as if we had come out of a bandbox, and then we scrambled down into the cutter that took us ashore.

Simonstown is a small port town, and we could see at a glance that there would be no gaieties such as we craved. The natural scene was grand. In the distance the Table mountain with its magnificent outlook upon land and sea invited the venturesome, but while pockets are filled with money naval cadets on shore have little use for rural enjoyment.

So we turned our back upon Simonstown, hired a rig and were driven to Cape Town, where cosmopolitan amusements awaited us. But money flies and so did the few days it lasted. Many of the expected checks from home had not arrived. We were not to sail for three weeks, and it was imperative that we should remove ourselves from the temptations of Cape Town. A majority of us had already come to this conclusion, and the proposition to return to Simonstown and a more quiet life met with general approbation.

We traveled afoot over beautiful mountain roads, and when late in the evening we reached the quaint town we determined to spend the rest of our furlough there.

At a pretty little inn we found good Cape wine, and the innkeeper's daughter, a lovely maiden of 17, served it to us in old English tumblers. Some of us drank more than we could answer for to the pleated condition of our pocketbooks, because of the look out of Nelly's sweet brown eyes that went with the cup that cheered.

"Come!" I said as he led me rapidly away. "She is past help."

Out in the harbor lay the ship. The flag was hoisted and flew with sharp snaps in the stiff breeze.

"You must live!" said an inward voice.

"You must live!" said that flag.

From the moment I set foot aboard the ship, envy, with its iron letters, claimed every thought and nerve. Soon the night shut out the retreating outlines of Simonstown and the little house where my love was past.

At midnight I was roused from my slumber by the sound of a bugle call. The bugler, a young sailor, came down to my cabin and hit me with the logbook's record to you," said the officer of the guard.

When I had entered, he closed the cabin door. "Sit down, young fellow," he said. All the sternness had gone from his voice.

"At your age an experience like this is hard to bear," he began as he turned his face to the wall that I might not see the sadness in it. "I, too, loved a charming girl. We were to be married on my return from a long voyage. When I arrived at her home, she was dead. Since then I have devoted myself to this service. Sailors have no business with love."

His eyes were dim as he turned them upon me.

"Go to bed now, Cadet Gerhard," he said, "and try to regain your peace of mind."

Many years have passed since the tragic event recorded. I have become a serious, thoughtful man. No woman ever again touched my heart.

On the wall of my cabin hangs a lifesize portrait of my first and only love. Nelly's parents have sent her photograph to me as she was when we loved each other, and from this a famous artist made the painting. It is my faithful companion on all my journeys.—From the German.

Discovery of Copper Plate Engraving.

Every one has noticed on his visiting card the extremely delicate lines of his name, and almost every one knows that they are produced by printing from an engraved copperplate. Like many other things of use and beauty, this art of copperplate engraving was discovered through the greatest accident by the goldsmiths of Florence in the fifteenth century. It is a historical fact, however, that one day an engraver on gold, wishing to take a proof of his work, made the usual sulphur cast and then filled up the lines with lampblack, thus enabling him to see exactly how his work looked. While occupied in doing this it occurred to him that possibly the same results could be obtained by filling up the original engraving with lampblack instead of making an impression of it and filling up that. Struck with the idea, he put it to practical use, and with little damp paper succeeded in getting a fair impression from the engraving.

The last of our jolly evenings at the tavern had gone. I was sad and strangely apprehensive. Glass after glass of crimson wine was emptied to Nelly's health between songs that told of parting and glad re-unions. When we were ready to start for the ship that night, the pretty innkeeper's daughter held out her hand to each one of us to say farewell. At last my hand closed around her trembling fingers. I pressed them till they ached, and whispered hurriedly that I would come ashore once more next day.

The following day was full of bustle aboard the Gazelle. The ship was made ready to clear and arduous duties were resumed. I had repeatedly endeavored to find an opportunity to go ashore, but fate was against me.

At 6 o'clock the officer of the guard came on deck. He was ordered to go ashore to report the ship's departure to the harbor captain. I asked him to take me with him, as there were some small purchases to make for the mess.

"Come along," he said finally. "I'll be back about 3 P.M."

We walked up the steep hill together, he

to go to the captain's quarters, I to hasten to the tavern garden. Nelly received me at the gate.

"I have been waiting all day," she said, "and feared you might not be able to come again."

"Would it have grieved you much, little Nelly?" I questioned.

"I could not have borne it!" she answered simply, and looked straight into my eyes.

"My time is measured by minutes. Bid me farewell and tell me that you will remember the German naval cadet!"

The dark lashes shrouded her tender eyes, and a tear fell on my hand. At sight of her grief I lost my composure. It was fagged at best, for I had grown fond of the charming creature.

"Nelly!"

Slowly she lifted her lovely face. Her tear dimmed glance drove discretion to the winds. Before I knew it my arms were around her. I snatched her to my breast and pressed kiss after kiss on her budding mouth. She made no resistance, and laid her softly clinging arms around my neck.

From afar I could hear the soft splash of the breakwater against the cliffs. It grew louder and stronger, and in its roar drowned my ardent wooing.

"Go back to your ship and to your duty!" it seemed to say.

With a bound I arose. "Nelly, sweet one, farewell!"

At the gate my footsteps faltered. I turned back and again strained the passing girl to my heart.

"Nelly, be strong!"

"I cannot! Stay with me—stay!" Her burning kisses pleaded for her slender arms held me in a vice.

My senses fled, only to return when I heard the saber of the officer of the guard rattling over the stones. He was on his way back to the boat and must have seen us. Nelly, too, had heard the ominous signal.

"Don't leave me," she begged. "Remember with me!"

Her voice implored more than her words as the tender creature sank upon her knees.

I tried in vain to imbue her with courage, to make her understand the import of my oath to the emperor's flag.

"I will be faithful to you until death!" I promised in the agony of the moment.

"Till death!" she repeated faintly, pressing her hand to her heart.

"Forgive me, beloved. I could not live without you!" the cold lips faltered, growing white as they spoke.

"The knife!" I shrieked, trying to wrest from the rigid fingers the cruel weapon. A moment later I would have plunged it into my own breast but for the intervention of the officer of the guard.

LAST CARGO OF SLAVES

How They Were Landed Near Mobile In 1858.

CAPTAIN MAEHER'S RASH EXPLOIT

In a Spirit of Bravado He Undertook to Import a Shipload of Slaves in Defiance of the Law—Narrowly Escaped Punishment.

The surviving members and descendants of the last ship load of negroes that was loaded in the United States are now living on a plantation near Mobile, the plantation where they have lived ever since they were brought to America. They have never been the legal property of any man, yet they were purchased in Africa and brought to the United States as slaves, and thereby hangs a very curious tale. The chief actor in this episode was Captain Timothy Mae-



ZINNIA LEVISON.

[Oldest surviving woman of the negroes imported by Maeher.] St. Louis has a blind bicycle girl. She is Miss Kate Helmke, an instructor in the Missouri Institute for the Blind.

She entered the school as a pupil 18 years ago and has been a teacher there for eight years. She has always been fond of athletics, and while pupil was a leader in the gymnasium classes.

Two years ago the bicycle had struck the blind asylum. Dr. John T. Sibley, the superintendent, is president of the Century club, and holds the century record for Missouri. Every member of his family rides, and there are altogether 15 bicyclists at the institution.

When all the seeing attachates of the school took to the bicycle, Miss Helmke started Dr. Sibley by announcing that she was going to learn to ride. The superintendent thought she was joking. Two days later a man delivered a tandem at the institution for Miss Helmke. She had slipped out with a friend and bought it without the knowledge of any one at the school.

Miss Helmke had "examined" the bicycles belonging to Dr. Sibley and his family. Her wonderfully sensitive fingers had traveled over every inch of the machines, and she had a good idea of the general appearance of a wheel.

Seated on the rear wheel of the tandem, with Dr. Sibley in front, she soon mastered the art of pedaling and was able to take part in a country run to Creve Coeur lake. Then she became impatient to learn to ride a single wheel.

Dr. Sibley hesitated before giving his consent, but Miss Helmke was so persistent that he loaned her a wheel and gave her permission to practice in the gymnasium. It was hard work at first, but in a week she was able to ride without an attendant. Her training in the gymnasium had given her a good idea of its dimen-

sions, and she soon learned to ride around the hall unattended. She then practiced in the yard, following the round circular walk with absolute precision.

For some time she has been making daily trips to Forest Park. She is always accompanied by Dr. Sibley or one of the male teachers. Though she cannot see she knows half a dozen routes to Forest Park. Her attendant rides at her side and guides her with his voice. Once on the boulevard she rides straight ahead without guidance, often reaching the park ahead of her companion.

Dr. Sibley considers Miss Helmke's achievement wonderful. "But, then," he said, "she is a wonderful girl. Not a blind person in 1,000 could do what she has done. She came here without a knowledge of one word of English. Today she is a splendid literary scholar, the best, in fact, ever turned out by the school. Besides teaching she reads proofs of the textbooks published here in the Braille characters. She rides as well as any one in the school, and I sometimes think she could ride alone with perfect safety. Her attendant does not control or guide her wheel in any way.

With the crew of the Clotilde still on board, the Czar returned down the Black river and steamed into the Alabama river, where she awaited the coming of the Roger B. Taney, Maeher's boat. Under cover of night captain Maeher and the Clotilde crew were transferred to the Taney. The crew of the slaves were stowed away in the upper portion of the hold and supplied with boards and whisky. It was 10 o'clock before supper was announced on the Taney that night, and when Captain Maeher took his place at the head of the table his face wore a most nonchalant look and gave not the least intimation that he had been engaged in other than the legitimate performance of his duties. When Montgomery was reached, he did not allow one of the crew of the Clotilde to be turned adrift in that city. So officers and crew were quietly placed on a train and sent to New York, where they were paid off and discharged.

This memento was the last cargo of slaves landed in the United States, but

Captain Maeher soon found that the government was not to be hoodwinked. The news of his illegal enterprise was soon noised abroad, and it was not long before he was arrested and imprisoned. He was released on bail, however, and was able to meet and checkmate the next move of the authorities. United States officials soon located the negroes and chartered the steamboat Eclipse to go after them and bring them to Mobile, but Captain Maeher was on the watch for just such a move on the part of the government. He called in a man whom he could trust, and, handing him \$50 in gold, said:

"The Eclipse is going after the niggers this evening. Take this money and fix the crew with liquor."

He then walked down to the wharf where his own boat, the Roger B. Taney, was taking on freight, and ordered the work to be stopped. The Taney's lines were slipped and she steamed up the river. The agent who had been given the \$50 did his work well, for he soon had the crew of the Eclipse so drunk that they were utterly unable to take her out of port. By the time another crew was secured for the Eclipse the Taney was 100 miles away and steaming with all the power of boilers heated by bacon fed furnaces toward the Dabney plantation. The negroes were taken aboard and carried 200 miles up the Alabama river, where they were landed and hidden away in another canebrake. Captain Maeher was tried for his offense, and he only saved his neck "through his ability to prove that he had made 52 consecutive trips on the Roger B. Taney between Mobile and Montgomery, the attorneys thus convincing the jury that he could not have imported the slaves and made the trips also." This foolish exploit cost Maeher, first and last, over \$100,000. After the excitement incident to his trial had died away, he brought the negroes to his own plantation, near Mobile, where they and their descendants have remained to this day.

A BLIND BICYCLE GIRL.

The Remarkable Accomplishment of Miss Katie Helmke of St. Louis.

St. Louis has a blind bicycle girl. She is Miss Kate Helmke, an instructor in the Missouri Institute for the Blind.

She entered the school as a pupil 18 years ago and has been a teacher there for eight years. She has always been fond of athletics, and while pupil was a leader in the gymnasium classes.

Two years ago the bicycle had struck the blind asylum. Dr. John T. Sibley, the superintendent, is president of the Century club, and holds the century record for Missouri. Every member of his family rides, and there are altogether 15 bicyclists at the institution.

When all the seeing attachates of the school took to the bicycle, Miss Helmke started Dr. Sibley by announcing that she was going to learn to ride. The superintendent thought she was joking. Two days later a man delivered a tandem at the institution for Miss Helmke. She had slipped out with a friend and bought it without the knowledge of any one at the school.

Miss Helmke had "examined" the bicycles belonging to Dr. Sibley and his family. Her wonderfully sensitive fingers had traveled over every inch of the machines, and she had a good idea of the general appearance of a wheel.

Seated on the rear wheel of the tandem, with Dr. Sibley in front, she soon mastered the art of pedaling and was able to take part in a country run to Creve Coeur lake. Then she became impatient to learn to ride a single wheel.

Dr. Sibley hesitated before giving his consent, but Miss Helmke was so persistent that he loaned her a wheel and gave her permission to practice in the gymnasium. It was hard work at first, but in a week she was able to ride without an attendant. Her training in the gymnasium had given her a good idea of its dimensions, and she soon learned to ride around the hall unattended. She then practiced in the yard, following the round circular walk with absolute precision.

For some time she has been making daily trips to Forest Park. She is always accompanied by Dr. Sibley or one of the male teachers. Though she cannot see she knows half a dozen routes to Forest Park. Her attendant rides at her side and guides her with his voice. Once on the boulevard she rides straight ahead without guidance, often reaching the park ahead of her companion.

Dr. Sibley considers Miss Helmke's achievement wonderful. "But, then," he said, "she is a wonderful girl. Not a blind person in 1,000 could do what she has done. She came here without a knowledge of one word of English. Today she is a splendid literary scholar, the best, in fact, ever turned out by the school. Besides teaching she reads proofs of the textbooks published here in the Braille characters. She rides as well as any one in the school, and I sometimes think she could ride alone with perfect safety. Her attendant does not control or guide her wheel in any way.

With the crew of the Clotilde still on board, the Czar returned down the Black river and steamed into the Alabama river, where she awaited the coming of the Roger B. Taney, Maeher's boat. Under cover of night captain Maeher and the Clotilde crew were transferred to the Taney. The crew of the slaves were stowed away in the upper portion of the hold and supplied with boards and whisky. It was 10 o'clock before supper was announced on the Taney that night, and when Captain Maeher took his place at the head of the table his face wore a most nonchalant look and gave not the least intimation that he had been engaged in other than the legitimate performance of his duties. When Montgomery was reached, he did not allow one of the crew of the Clotilde to be turned adrift in that city. So officers and crew were quietly placed on a train and sent to New York, where they were paid off and discharged.

This memento was the last cargo of slaves landed in the United States, but

Captain Maeher soon found that the government was not to be hoodwinked. The news of his illegal enterprise was soon noised abroad, and it was not long before he was arrested and imprisoned. He was released on bail, however, and was able to meet and checkmate the next move of the authorities. United States officials soon located the negroes and chartered the steamboat Eclipse to go after them and bring them to Mobile, but Captain Maeher was on the watch for just such a move on the part of the government. He called in a man whom he could trust, and, handing him \$50 in gold, said:

"The Eclipse is going after the niggers this evening. Take this money and fix the crew with liquor."

He then walked down to the wharf where his own boat, the Roger B. Taney, was taking on freight, and ordered the work to be stopped. The Taney's lines were slipped and she steamed up the river. The agent who had been given the \$50 did his work well, for he soon had the crew of the Eclipse so drunk that they were utterly unable to take her out of port. By the time another crew was secured for the Eclipse the Taney was 100 miles away and steaming with all the power of boilers heated by bacon fed furnaces toward the Dabney plantation. The negroes were taken aboard and carried 200 miles up the Alabama river, where they were landed and hidden away in another canebrake. Captain Maeher was tried for his offense, and he only saved his neck "through his ability to prove that he had made 52 consecutive trips on the Roger B. Taney between Mobile and Montgomery, the attorneys thus convincing the jury that he could not have imported the slaves and made the trips also." This foolish exploit cost Maeher, first and last, over \$100,000. After the excitement incident to his trial had died away, he brought the negroes to his own plantation, near Mobile, where they and their descendants have remained to this day.

The verses were not overexcellent, but the appellation so pleased the prince that he enriched the author and made him the poet of his court.

While Yoritomo loved all flowers, his idol was the chrysanthemum. In his gardens he had more than a hundred varieties of this royal plant. In fact, he had every kind that was then known in Japan. There was a delicate Evening Star, silver and gold, which, backed by its dark foliage, looked like a heavenly constellation. There was the Silk Cloud, which is so fine that it seems ready to float away, and so glossy that it outshines the finest tissues of Osaka.

There was the Snowball, the Flame of Gold, and many other rare kinds which are so common nowadays that they have lost their names altogether.

In these floral treasures the prince took unspeakable pride and pleasure. So deep were his feelings that if any other lord had surpassed him in the beauty and variety of his chrysanthemums he would have declared war, committed hari-kari or done something else equally insane. Yet, though he was applauded the length and breadth of the land for his horticulture he really did not deserve a particle of credit. Outside of the battlefield and the camp he was slow and indolent, and beyond the education which every daimio must possess he was ignorant and unprogressive.

He knew nothing of the florist's art, and never dreamed that the beauty and variety of the domestic flowers were due to infinite patience, lifelong labor, careful study and a strict performance of duty. Still less did he think that his many successes in the flower shows were due to the ability and fidelity of his head gardener Matsuda and the assistant gardener Nomori. Yet such was the fact.

Matsuda came of a distinguished family of horticulturists, of course, did Nomori, who was a second cousin. The two artists, for artists they were in the highest sense of the word, had been born in the profession, had mastered its principles and secrets in their youth, and after being admitted into the guild, had dedicated their lives to becoming masters of their craft. This they had already accomplished.

Matsuda was universally esteemed as the first florist in the country, and Nomori the third. The second was a gardener named Maruki, of whom we will soon hear more. Matsuda was a fine looking man of 50, whose face seemed to reflect the joyous expression of the blossoms over which he worked. Nomori was but 25, a tall, handsome youth, with a complexion like old gold.

The two were deeply attuned to each other, and the mutual regard was not lessened by the fact that Nomori was claimed to be Matsuda's pretty little daughter. They were a very joyous trio and lived happily together in the gardener's house in the middle of Yoritomo's garden. The wedding was set for a year off, and all of them took delight in procuring the handsomest things which are required at all well appointed nuptials.

The two were deeply attuned to each other, and the mutual regard was not lessened by the fact that Nomori was claimed to be Matsuda's pretty little daughter. They were a very joyous trio and lived happily together in the gardener's house in the middle of Yoritomo's garden. The wedding was set for a year off, and all of them took delight in procuring the handsomest things which are required at all well appointed nuptials.

The two were deeply attuned to each other, and the mutual regard was not lessened by the fact that Nomori was claimed to be Matsuda's pretty little daughter. They were a very joyous trio and lived happily together in the gardener's house in the middle of Yoritomo's garden. The wedding was set for a year off, and all of them took delight in procuring the handsomest things which are required at all well appointed nuptials.

The two were deeply attuned to each other, and the mutual regard was not lessened by the fact that Nomori was claimed to be Matsuda's pretty little daughter. They were a very joyous trio and lived happily together in the gardener's house in the middle of Yoritomo's garden. The wedding was set for a year off, and all of them took delight in procuring the handsomest things which are required at all well appointed nuptials.

The two were deeply attuned to each other, and the mutual regard was not lessened by the fact that Nomori was claimed to be Matsuda's pretty little daughter. They were a very joyous trio and lived happily together in the gardener's house in the middle of Yoritomo's garden. The wedding was set for a year off, and all of them took delight in procuring the handsomest things which are required at all well appointed nuptials.

The two were deeply attuned to each other, and the mutual regard was not lessened by the fact that Nomori was claimed to be Matsuda's pretty little daughter. They were a very joyous trio and lived happily together in the gardener's house in the middle of Yoritomo's garden. The wedding was set for a year off, and all of them took delight in procuring the handsomest things which are required at all well appointed nuptials.

The two were deeply attuned to each other, and the mutual regard was not lessened by the fact that Nomori was claimed to be Matsuda's pretty little daughter. They were a very joyous trio and lived happily together in the gardener's house in the middle of Yoritomo's garden. The wedding was set for a year off, and all of them took delight in procuring the handsomest things which are required at all well appointed nuptials.

The two were deeply attuned to each other, and the mutual regard was not lessened by the fact that Nomori was claimed to be Matsuda's pretty little daughter. They were a very joyous trio and lived happily together in the gardener's house in the middle of Yoritomo's garden. The wedding was set for a year off, and all of them took delight in procuring the handsomest things which are required at all well appointed nuptials.

The two were deeply attuned to each other, and the mutual regard was not lessened by the fact that Nomori was claimed to be Matsuda's pretty little daughter. They were a very joyous trio and lived happily together in the gardener's house in the middle of Yoritomo's garden. The wedding was set for a year off, and all of them took delight in procuring the handsomest things which are required at all well appointed nuptials.

The two were deeply attuned to each other, and the mutual regard was not lessened by the fact that Nomori was claimed to be Matsuda's pretty little daughter. They were a very joyous trio and lived happily together in the gardener's house in the middle of Yoritomo's garden. The wedding was set for a year off, and all of them took delight in procuring the handsomest things which are required at all well appointed nuptials.

The two were deeply attuned to each other, and the mutual regard was not lessened by the fact that Nomori was claimed to be Matsuda's pretty little daughter. They were a very joyous trio and lived happily together in the gardener's house in the middle of Yoritomo's garden. The wedding was set for a year off, and all of them took delight in procuring the handsomest things which are required at all well appointed nuptials.

The two were deeply attuned to each other, and the mutual regard was not lessened by the fact that Nomori was claimed to be Matsuda's pretty little daughter. They were a very joyous trio and lived happily together in the gardener's house in the middle of Yoritomo's garden. The wedding was set for a year off, and all of them took delight in procuring the handsomest things which are required at all well appointed nuptials.

The two were deeply attuned to each other, and the mutual regard was not lessened by the fact that Nomori was claimed to be Matsuda's pretty little daughter. They were a very joyous trio and lived happily together in the gardener's house in the middle of Yoritomo's garden. The wedding was set for a year off, and all of them took delight in procuring the handsomest things which are required at all well appointed nuptials.

The two were deeply attuned to each other, and the mutual regard was not lessened by the fact that Nomori was claimed to be Matsuda's pretty little daughter. They were a very joyous trio and lived happily together in the gardener's house in the middle of Yoritomo's garden. The wedding was set for a year off, and all of them took delight in procuring the handsomest things which are required at all well appointed nuptials.

The two were deeply attuned to each other, and the mutual regard was not lessened by the fact that Nomori was claimed to be Matsuda's pretty little daughter. They were a very joyous trio and lived happily together in the gardener's house in the middle of Yoritomo's garden. The wedding was set for a year off, and all of them took delight in procuring the handsomest things which are required at all well appointed nuptials.

The two were deeply attuned to each other, and the mutual regard was not lessened by the fact that Nomori was claimed to be Matsuda's pretty little daughter. They were a very joyous trio and lived happily together in the gardener's house in the middle of Yoritomo's garden. The wedding was set for a year off, and all of them took delight in procuring the handsomest things which are required at all well appointed nuptials.

The two were deeply attuned to each other, and the mutual regard was not lessened by the fact that Nomori was claimed to be Matsuda's pretty little daughter. They were a very joyous trio and lived happily together in the gardener's house in the middle of Yoritomo's garden. The wedding was set for a year off, and all of them took delight in procuring the handsomest things which are required at all well appointed nuptials.

The two were deeply attuned to each other, and the mutual regard was not lessened by the fact that Nomori was claimed to be Matsuda's pretty little daughter. They were a very joyous trio and lived happily together in the gardener's house in the middle of Yoritomo's garden. The wedding was set for a year off, and all of them took delight in procuring the handsomest things which are required at all well appointed nuptials.

The two were deeply attuned to each other, and the mutual regard was not lessened by the fact that Nomori was claimed to be Matsuda's pretty little daughter. They were a very joyous trio and lived happily together in the gardener's house in the middle of Yoritomo's garden. The wedding was set for a year off, and all of them took delight in procuring the handsomest things which are required at all well appointed nuptials.

The two were deeply attuned to each other, and the mutual regard was not lessened by the fact that Nomori was claimed to be Matsuda's pretty little daughter. They were a very joyous trio and lived happily together in the gardener's house in the middle of Yoritomo's garden. The wedding was set for a year off, and all of them took delight in procuring the handsomest things which are required at all well appointed nuptials.

The two were deeply attuned to each other, and the mutual regard was not lessened by the fact that Nomori was claimed to be Matsuda's pretty little daughter. They were a very joyous trio and lived happily together in the gardener's house in the middle of Yoritomo's garden. The wedding was set for a year off, and all of them took delight in procuring the handsomest things which are required at all well appointed nuptials.

The two were deeply attuned to each other, and the mutual regard was not lessened by the fact that Nomori was claimed to be Matsuda's pretty little daughter. They were a very joyous trio and lived happily together in the gardener's house in the middle of Yoritomo's garden. The wedding was set for a year off, and all of them took delight in procuring the handsomest things which are required at all well appointed nuptials.

The two were deeply attuned to each other, and the mutual regard was not lessened by the fact that Nomori was claimed to be Matsuda's pretty little daughter. They were a very joyous trio and lived happily together in the gardener's house in the middle of Yoritomo's garden. The wedding was set for a year off, and all of them took delight in procuring the handsomest things which are required at all well appointed nuptials.

The two were deeply

NEIGHBORHOOD NOTES.

HAPPENINGS AT MILLPORT.

CRYSTAL SPRING, May 6.—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Addison Karts, a daughter...Kullogosky is around setting "em up over the arrival of a bouncing baby boy...Mrs. Krumroy, of Massillon, spent a few days last week at this place with friends...Miss Belle Lindsay came home from Canal Fulton to spend Sunday with her parents...Mrs. James Bettel and daughter attended the funeral of the former's niece Saturday at Massillon...Jacob Cocklin and William Kutz, of Burton City, called on friends at this place Sunday...Mike Meyers, the old veteran from West Brookfield, gave our village a pleasant call Tuesday...Edith White, of Massillon, spent Sunday in our village with friends...In spite of all the gullies and mud spots on our public roads Miss Alice Bell, the graceful bicycle rider of Forty Corners, can be seen in town on her wheel...Richard Smith has been granted a patent "applied for" on a unique and well made cider press...The Vandersall children will give an entertainment in Leonard's opera hall on next Friday night. Admission 10 and 15 cents...It is rumored that Millport is about to have a hotel, bowling alley and also a gymnasium, and that eastern capital is at the back of it. We are in need of all these new enterprises and trust they will prove a success...From last Thursday night on the Rev. John Wagner has thus far delivered five nightly sermons in the school house. They seem to be very instructive as well as entertaining and are being largely attended...Fred Kemp is laying the tile for John Kiefer's new cellar...Don't forget the ball next Saturday night, May 8, in Leonard's hall. The band will play a number of choice selections during the evening, and a good time is guaranteed...Prof. Edward Rosche was the recipient of a communication from an old friend in Brooklyn, N. Y. The Sheller Coal Co., operators of the old Bridgeport mine, have the contract for supplying the Brewing Co. with coal...The infant child of Mr. and Mrs. James Lindsay died Tuesday morning. C. M. Whitman, of Massillon, was a business visitor to our village last week...Our mines worked irregularly last week; only about half time.

THE NAVARRE LETTER.

NAVARRE, May 6.—Mr. and Mrs. Will Delaney, of Akron, are visiting at the home of Mr. Delaney's parents, on High street...Miss Dora Miller is spending the week with her sister, Mrs. Thomas Griffiths, in Canton...A. J. Rider returned home, Sunday evening, after a week's visit in Washington, D. C. The commencement exercises of Navarre high school will be held on the 28th of May...Miss Rosa Lind has accepted a position at Humberger's store, in Massillon, and left for that place Saturday...Dr. Shaffer arrived here Thursday from Canal Fulton, and is fitting up his dental parlors. He will occupy the room over the post office...Matt Clemens has moved into the new building erected by Dr. Shetter, and repairs are rapidly being made on the building to be occupied by the Navarre Bank...Thomas Thorp, who has been spending the greater part of the winter with friends in the country, will soon return to Navarre...Miss Roxie Gibson, who has been visiting about Navarre for the past month, has returned home.

BILLER TEACHERS' REUNION.

NAVARRE, May 6.—The second annual of ex-teachers and scholars of the Bixler school will be held Saturday, May 15. The forenoon will be devoted to educational exercises, address of welcome, roll call and reading class. After dinner there will be addresses by ex-teachers, declamations, singing and a spelling contest.

S. P. MASE, CYRUS BIXLER,
President. Secretary.

NEWS OF NEWMAN.

NEWMAN, May 6.—Mrs. Wm. Smith, of Massillon, is spending a few days with her father, Mr. John Bell. The Vandersall children will give an educational entertainment in our school house Saturday evening of this week. The Independent Order of the K. of L. that was organized by a faction of the Knights of Labor after a difference of opinion with the secretary treasurer, John W. Hayes, at the New Orleans convention, has become defunct and surrenders all claim to the title "Knights of Labor"...We are requested to announce a meeting of the people of our village in our school house on Wednesday evening, May 12, for the purpose of making preparations for the due observance of Decoration Day. Our friends in district No. 8 are especially invited to be present. Our Sunday school elected the following officers to serve for one year: Superintendent, A. L. Williams; assistant superintendent, Mrs. Annie Findley; secretary, Miss Sadie E. Griffiths; assistant secretary, Miss Jeanette C. Miller; treasurer, Miss Margaret E. Findley; librarian, Robert Ralston; assistant librarian, Miss Sadie Morgan; organist, M. E. Findley; chorister, C. H. Roderick. We are pleased to say that the year just ended finds our school in a good healthy condition, both numerically and financially, which is in the main due to the untiring efforts of our superintendent, A. L. Williams. Timothy Bosley, our road supervisor, is collecting his tools together for the purpose of starting the boys to work on the roads...Miss Nellie Masters, of Massillon, east end, is visiting her old associates in our village and is the guest of Mrs. John Sadler. John L. Davis returned home last Saturday, after spending a week with his daughter, Mrs. Thos. Stanford, in East Greenville. President M. D. Ratchford poured some hot shot into the Pennsylvania committee which is investigating the condition of the miners in the Keystone State. Will Astair now holds the ribbons on the finest turnout we have in this neck-of-the woods. It is rumored here that John Jordan and Dennis Moyle have sold

their interest in the "Shamrock" coal mine on the Shrader farm to Shimkar Kopp and Albright. The new company is now busy making necessary repairs, so they can be prepared to supply their trade...The Northwestern Coal company seems to be playing in hard luck, if the number of judgments that appear in THE INDEPENDENT can be taken as a criterion. We trust their difficulties may soon be adjusted and their mine again in operation.

EAST GREENVILLE NEWS.

EAST GREENVILLE, O., May 9.—Born, to Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Ramage, a daughter...Born to Mr. and Mrs. Joshua Jenkins, a daughter...Messrs. Stephen and Daniel Caron left for Glenwood last Monday morning, where they expect to work in the future. We are sorry to see so many of the young men of our vicinity leaving to work elsewhere. We are sorry that the work is not better here so they could have steady employment at home...Mr. Wm. Charles moved his household effects to this place, North Lawrence being his former residence...The Woodland mine began operation last Tuesday. It has been idle a long time.

NORTH LAWRENCE AND URBAN HILL.

NORTH LAWRENCE, O., May 6.—Jacob Edwards had his foot badly injured last week by a log rolling against him...Wm. Fearless moved his family and household effects to East Greenville last Thursday...Minglewood mine ran one-half day last week...D. R. Eberly is boring another hole near the residence of Frank Hershey. It may be for the purpose of locating the new coal shaft...Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Johnson were in Canal Fulton on Monday...Lizzie and Oliver Farmer were shopping at Fulton on the third...We are sorry to note that the condition of Maud Brown is not improving. On Sunday Dr. Dissinger held consultation with Dr. Fraunfelter over her...Six good sized, beautiful maple trees were planted in the grounds of District No. 3, Saturday, followed by an interesting programme of speeches of presentation, recitations, music and marching. Each member of the class threw on a shovel of dirt. The trees were named Columbus, Washington, Lincoln, Long fellow, Garfield and McKinley. An appropriate address of acceptance was delivered by the director, D. L. Mock...Rev. Yoder was on our streets Tuesday, and did some visiting among his flock...Marcus Ruch will conduct a concert in District No. 4 on Saturday evening...It is stated that the Jordan brothers have sold their interest in the Crystal Spring Coal Co. to parties in Massillon...The C. E. topic for next Sabbath is: "Why I Love Jesus." John 4:19. Daisy Farmer leader...Urban Hill will soon be noted for its beautiful lawns. The neighbors seem to be vying with each other in this mode of adorning their homes. It is a commendable emulation. The surroundings of a home have a strong effect on the character and life of the occupants of that home...John Lawler is making extensive improvements on his house and barn. Our village will have its closing entertainment next Thursday evening.

A DALTON ASSIGNMENT.

DALTON, May 6.—W. D. Harper & Son, dealers in boots, shoes, groceries and queenware, at Dalton, have assigned to Howard B. Jameson. Assets and liabilities not stated.

Something to Depend On.

Mr. James Jones, of the drug firm of Jones & Son, Cowden, Ill., in speaking of Dr. King's New Discovery, says that last winter his wife was attacked with La Grippe, and her case grew so serious that physicians at Cowden and Panama could do nothing for her. It seemed to developed into Hasty Consumption. Having Dr. King's New Discovery in store, and selling lots of it, he took a bottle home, and to the surprise of all she began to get better from first dose, and half dozen dollar bottles cured her sound and well. Dr. King's New Discovery for Consumption, Coughs and Colds is guaranteed to do this good work. Try it. Free trial bottles at Z. T. Baltzly's drug store. Regular size 50 cents and \$1.00.

Old People.

Old people who require medicine to regulate their bowels and kidneys will find the true remedy in Electric bitters. This medicine does not stimulate and contains no whiskey nor other intoxicant, but acts as an tonic and alternative. It acts mildly on the stomach and bowels, adding strength and giving tone to the organs, thereby adding Nature in the performance of the functions. Electric Bitters is an excellent appetizer and aids digestion. Old People find it just exactly what they need. Price 50 cents and \$1.00 per bottle, at Z. T. Baltzly's drug store.

Buckley's Arnica Salve.

The best salve in the world for cuts, bruises, sores, ulcers, salt rheum, fever sores, tetter, cracked hands, chilblains, corns, and all skin eruptions, and positively cures piles, or no pay required. It is guaranteed to give perfect satisfaction or money refunded. Price 25 cents per box. For sale by Z. T. Baltzly.

REPORT ON SENATE COMMITTEES

The Republican Caucus Finds Places for the New Senators.

WASHINGTON, May 5.—[By Associated Press]—The report on senate committees was adopted by the Republican caucus today. Carter, of Montana, relinquished the interstate commerce in favor of Elkins, of West Virginia. Carter gets Elkins's place on military affairs and territories instead. New senators are placed thus: Deboe, Kentucky, to establish a national university, to examine civil service improvement, Mississippi river, Indian depredations, railroads and Revolutionary claims; Fairbanks, of Indiana, immigration, chairman of census claims, public buildings, geological survey; Foraker, of Ohio, examine civil service, chairman of committee to establish national university, foreign relations, Pacific railways, transportation routes to seaboard, Hanna, enrolled bills, mines and mining, naval affairs, pensions, railways, transportation and sale of meat products.

TODAY'S MARKETS.

Latest Reports From the Centers of Trade.

NEW YORK, May 5. There has been disposition to realize profit on the rise of last night and this morning. The buying of sugar early was from Washington and the same brokers sold later. The strength of Gas was pronounced and the rise of 1 per cent was on purchases by the Flower party. There is no news from Springfield, but the ultimate passage of the consolidation bill is conceded. M. P. and Mahanhan have been the weakest stocks on the market.

CINCINNATI, May 5. The market has been dull most of the session and trading local. Just before the close few shorts in the market commenced to cover, fearing further crop damage reports in the morning and wanted to be on the safe side. There is no improvement in the demand for cash wheat and we cannot see how any material advance can be sustained until the legitimate situation so warrants. At the present time conditions are all against a bull market. Clearances light, about 60,000. Cars tomorrow 12.

	Open	High	Low	Close
Wheat	68 1/2	70 1/2	68 1/2	70 1/2
July	68 1/2	69 1/2	68 1/2	68 1/2
Sept.	65 1/2	66 1/2	65 1/2	65 1/2
Oats	17 1/2	17 1/2	17 1/2	17 1/2
July	17 1/2	17 1/2	17 1/2	17 1/2
Sept.	17 1/2	17 1/2	17 1/2	17 1/2
Pork	8 45	8 45	8 45	8 45
July	8 45	8 45	8 45	8 45
Lard	4 12	4 12	4 12	4 12
Sept.	4 02	4 05	4 00	4 05

TOLEDO, May 5.—[By Associated Press]—Wheat 91 1/4.

The following figures show fluctuations of stocks as furnished by T. B. Arbold's exchange:

	Open	High	Low	Close
American Sugar	117 1/2	118 1/2	117 1/2	115 1/2
American Tobacco	69 1/2	69 1/2	69 1/2	69 1/2
C. B. & Q.	73 1/2	74	73 1/2	73 1/2
Chicago Gas	82 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2	82 1/2
General Electric	31 1/2	31 1/2	31 1/2	31 1/2
Jersey Central	79 1/2	79 1/2	78 1/2	78 1/2
Louisville & Nashville	44 1/2	44 1/2	43 1/2	43 1/2
Lake Shore	162	162	162	162
Mathews	83 1/2	83 1/2	82 1/2	82 1/2
Northwestern	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2
St. Paul	134 1/2	134 1/2	129 1/2	129 1/2
Western Union	72 1/2	72 1/2	71 1/2	71 1/2

The Massillon Markets.

The following prices are being paid in the Massillon markets for grain and produce on this date May 8, 1897.

GRAIN MARKET

	Wheat per bushel	Oats	Corn	Barley	Wool	Flax Seed	Linseed	Timothy Seed	Bran, per 100 lbs	Middlings, per 100 lbs	Hay
Wheat per bushel	56	34-39	20-22	45	8-12 1/2	1 1/2	4	75	80	80	8 1/2
Barley	16-18	20-22	20-22	45	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2
Corn	38	38	38	45	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2
Flax Seed	1 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2	4	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2
Linseed	82 1/2	82 1/2	82 1/2	82 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2
Timothy Seed	75	75	75	75	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2
Bran, per 100 lbs	70	70	70	70	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2
Middlings, per 100 lbs	80	80	80	80	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2
Hay	8 1/2	8 1/2	8 1/2	8 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2	104 1/2

PRODUCE

	Chese Butter, per lb	Eggs, per dozen	Lard, per lb	Hams, per lb	Shoulders, per lb	Sides, per lb	White Beans, per bushel	Potatoes, per bushel	Onions, per bushel	Apples	Evaporated Apples, choice	Chickens, live	Dried Peaches, peeled	Dried Peaches, unpeeled	Apricots, per barrel
Chese Butter, per lb	18	8	5	10	8	8	1 1/2	20	1 1/2	40-50	8-10	18-20	12-15	12-15	30-40
Eggs, per dozen	8	5	5	10	8	8	1 1/2	20	1 1/2	40-50	8-10	18-20	12-15	12-15	30-40
Lard, per lb	10	10	10	10	10	10	1 1/2	20	1 1/2	40-50	8-10	18-20	12-15	12-15	30-40
Hams, per lb	10	10	10	10	10	10	1 1/2	20	1 1/2	40-50	8-10	18-20	12-15	12-15	30-40
Shoulders, per lb	8	8	8	8	8	8	1 1/2	20	1 1/2	40-50	8-10	18-20	12-15	12-15	30-40
Sides, per lb	8	8	8	8	8	8	1 1/2	20	1 1/2	40-50	8-10	18-20	12-15	12-15	30-40
White Beans, per bushel	1 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2	1 1/2	20	1 1/2	40-50	8-10	18-20	12-15	12-1	